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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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(SIXTEEN PAGES)

Whole No. 368

Around Town.

The death of Sir John Thompson is without doubt the most disturbing episode in Canadian affairs that has taken place for years. Measured by its historical value it is perhaps of less importance than the death of Sir John Macdonald, but amongst those who are living and working and endeavoring to build up a business or maintain an industry already established, sometimes smaller affairs than the making of history create an anxiety akin to panic. These disturbing circumstances have not come alone, nor even in pairs, to the Canadian business man during the past few years. The United States has been stirred to its very innermost recesses by financial panic and social upheaval. An almost unaccountable depression has taken place in Canadian industries and the outlook has been unduly darkened by the storms that have raged elsewhere. Our whole idea of values has been attacked and our products have depreciated in value in a way that should demonstrate to every thoughtful person that things are not, and never will be, as they were. It is evident to everybody that our living must be simplified and our expenses decreased, that new methods must be adopted and new laws enacted in harmony with the altered conditions.

In Newfoundland a commercial crisis of the most general and disastrous sort has led us to wonder if there remains any other place where something disturbing can be born, and if there be any other point from which a depressing wind can spring. None too joyfully the Canadian people were preparing to go through the winter with a sufficient faith in themselves and what they have and can get, yet they were startled somewhat by an announcement that Sir John Thompson was likely to retire. This was disturbing an accepted condition, but having been promptly denied the political situation remained almost as it was. Now comes the announcement of the death of one of the ablest and most honest men who ever served the Canadian people in the capacity of Premier. Friend and foe admit that any deviations he made from his original rule that the Government must be perfectly clean and pure, were only such expedients as were forced upon him by his Cabinet and a belief that they were necessary to the permanence of a government. Everywhere it was admitted that he was necessary to the proper conduct of public affairs. Suddenly and without any of those warnings which are sometimes given to those about to suffer a great grief and a great loss, we are bereft of a great man who died in the noontide of his power and influence in the castle of the Queen of England and Empress of the Indies. It is an event of unusual importance and his death is particularly tragic when we remember that he was only fifty and had already achieved the greatest position possible for any man in the British colonies. Added to his colonial position he had just received the infrequently conferred honor of being made a Privy Councillor of Her Majesty, and died in the supreme moment of his greatness, with the achievements of the greater half of his lifetime accomplished, almost at the feet of the Sovereign to whom he was so loyally attached. Is it not enough to make us echo the sentiment of the prophet that "All, all is vanity and vexation of spirit?" Few men with the greatest idea of dominance and a place in history could desire more than has been accomplished by Sir John Thompson in his life and death. There is nothing in it of course, no matter how great and startling the life may be, unless it be one uplifting to the multitude and of such rare self-sacrifice that the one who has done all things for God's sake and the good of his country shall be placed amongst the list of those who have denied themselves for the good of the race. This, I believe, will be held true in the present instance. If not, if it were only politics it seems to me to be one of the briefest, most brilliant beginnings and endings which in the career of a British subject could be conceived.

Reverting, however, to the unusual and somewhat morbid conditions which must now surround our politics, the question of who shall succeed Sir John Thompson becomes paramount. For the Conservative party to go out of its way to seek a pronounced Catholic leader would be so conspicuous a yielding to the preferences of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens that it would offend the Protestant half of the community. In the support of this sect, however, much confidence had been placed, and I believe that the reply of the average Catholic voter to the agitations made against Sir John Thompson will now be marked and Liberal majorities increased thereby to an extraordinary extent in many constituencies. Nevertheless, it is impossible to choose a Catholic as a successor to Sir John Thompson, for what was accidental originally would become pointed and a matter of arrangement should the creed of the new leader be similar to that of the late lamented Premier.

On the other hand, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, who is without doubt the man entitled to the

place by seniority, adaptability and public esteem, may perchance be considered a political bigot by the French-Canadian element that has such great power in deciding our future and the making of our fortune. The canvassing of names for the successorship is of course being vigorously carried on, yet no one can escape from the conclusion that amongst the men in public life Mr. Mackenzie Bowell is the only one that can bring general support. By authority of the late Sir John Thompson he is acting Premier, and because he will excite no jealousies and will be considered as a temporary expedient, he will be selected as the regular occupant of the office until the general election decides whether the Government will retain power.

The campaign which the Ministers of the Crown had undertaken has already been abandoned.

Of course Mr. Costigan's strength would have no influence in Ontario and the West. Mr. Foster, like Mr. Marter, is a Prohibitionist, and one experiment in this direction has been enough to satisfy the electors that faddists are not successful as politicians. Disturbed and to a certain extent disorganized, the Conservatives must rally around their oldest, best known and most steadfast man, and that is Mr. Mackenzie Bowell. Had Mr. Meredith remained in politics his name might have been discussed; as it is, he has retired to the bench and his following is practically disbanded and his principles discredited, not because they were unworthy or that he was insincere, but because the people believe that the man upon whom his mantle fell has already begun to trim his sails to the Federal winds, an offence which is doubly unforgivable inasmuch as it is the only one that could be, with even a half-

take for a moment the task of aldermanic directorship. No body of men whose whole idea is to advise and to ask other men to spring into the breach can accomplish anything; the work must be done by men willing to take off their coats and go there themselves. I have seen for too many years, in Toronto and elsewhere, these movements consisting of talk only, to have much faith in the result. No man should be admitted on that Citizens' Committee who is not willing to become a candidate himself for anything that he is instructed to take care of.

While hoping for the best I fear the worst. It is mediocrity's opportunity to get in sight, and that a man has never done anything wrong in his favor while he is being discussed by a Citizen's Committee; that he has never done anything at all for the public does

seems, nothing will be done, and if such men do not recognize their enormous responsibility and an opportunity of doing the city in which they live an incalculable favor, nothing will happen except a lot of chin-chin and the election of men who have not even the strength and ambition and foresight of even those unscrupulous but able men who have been very properly expelled from the aldermanic board.

It appears that the Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, whose name is known to every reader of the newspapers and the seekers after religio-sensationalism in London, asserts his right to patent his pulpit utterances. In the *Times*, almost furiously he attacks the idea that a newspaper has any right to report a sermon unless privileged to do so by the preacher. This commercial conception of the meaning and worth of a sermon is perhaps new, but it is evidently just, for Rev. Dr. Parker points out how the publication in a paper spoils its use, either for oral repetition or in book form. A novelist, poet or painter can copyright his work; why can not a preacher do the same with his sermon? It may be urged that the purpose of the preacher is not gain, but goodness! If so, why quarrel with newspapers for giving the sermon to hundreds of thousands, while the speaker can reach but four or five thousand at the most? Rev. Dr. Parker's letter is enough to answer this question, at least from his point of view. He may desire to use it again or publish it in a book; it means money to him to have the sermon kept from the general people. By and by they may get it back in book form, or accidentally hear it in another church, but in the meantime it is "his'n."

Of course sermons of this sort—of the average sort—are not intended to save souls but to build up temples made with hands and requiring a large revenue to be raised, therefore it matters not how long the hungry-souled outside sinner may be expecting the message; it won't hurt him to wait even if he die and be damned in the meantime. While this is perhaps an extreme example of how largely preaching has developed into a business, it is interesting as proving the rights of sermonizers in the output of their study. If, for instance, a novelist sells to a newspaper a tale for serial publication, that does not debar him from publishing it in a book even though the serial may make his book more salable. Then why should a preacher have his sermon spoiled by unlicensed publishers, who pay nothing and yet make the result of much research and study unavailable for another audience or a three-dollar book? The laws ought to be amended in the Old Country as well as in Canada, so that all sermons preached, and all prayers prayed, in a church enjoy the privileges of copyright for at least ten years.

While advocating Rev. Dr. Parker's theory, I hope I may not shock those who believe that the Word was given to us without money and without price. This is the doctrine to which I have clung because of early training, from childhood up, yet, like Mr. Marter in Ontario politics, I am being driven to extremities as to whether it pays to hold on to unfashionable principles. Of course it seems absurd to pay preachers large salaries and have their words of wisdom and pearls of great price withheld from general circulation, but the exigencies of modern competition are great and preachers must live. This being admitted—and how can we deny it—in what respect are we to assume the rude and unthankful task of "muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn?" Is not that text made to force upon us pew rents, the illogical exemption from taxation of churches, the holding of unlicensed bazaars, tea meetings, lectures and concerts. Then why not make the sinner settle if he wants to read a sermon instead of hear it? We refuse Sunday street cars because it would unsettle the business of well established churches which have gone to great expense in putting up auditoriums that would be decentralized if the trolley were enabled to carry itchy-eared people to hear popular pulpits like Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, London, England. Running Sunday cars is a business not intended solely to carry worshippers to church, but then it is only fair to say that all who go to church are not worshippers and all who ride without going to church are not reprobates. I favor the retention of all possible safeguards for the medical, legal and journalistic people, and for this reason, in spite of all arguments to the contrary, it must hold in the business matters of the clergy.

Having admitted so much I may be pardoned for reverting in for a moment a retrospective and, I hope, a harmlessly reminiscent way to the far past. How seriously would it have lessened the influence of the Sermon on the Mount had the Great Preacher demanded His consent for its repetition, a certain sum for the use of His copyright? This may seem irrelevant but I do not intend it so. Are not the preachers of to-day His anointed successors? If they are, may we not judge them by His precepts and

Continued on Page Four.



MR. PIER DELASCO.

done; the likelihood of an early election has disappeared; the unity and strength of the Cabinet has without doubt been impaired, and the people of Canada are now face to face with the question of a change of government which has not for many years been an element in our politics. The thought of such a change is a disturbing factor and will prevent the return of good times if it be let rankle in the breast of the elector. We all care much less for politics than we do for public prosperity; we all, I imagine, are ready to submit the matter to the test of a vote, and it is to be hoped that anything necessary to quiet the public pulse will not be withheld for the sake of an imaginary partisan advantage.

Speaking about leaders, young Sir Charles Tupper is an impossibility. Though he may develop into the MAN later on, his past positions have been those of a youth whose hat is swelled beyond recognition. Hon. Mr. Haggart is a clever man but much entangled with affairs which would be unpleasant to discuss. Mr. Angers is an excellent type of the French-Canadian gentleman, but unknown amongst the English-speaking section of Cana-

truth, charged against the great leader himself. So Conservatives are really without a leader both in the Province and the Dominion.

In civic affairs we are also in a chaotic condition. I would be glad to believe that the Citizens' Committee will be of any considerable assistance in helping us out of this disagreeable condition. With the exception of a few business men who have been appointed to office, the majority of those engaged in the movement are not practical. I am not of the opinion that a central committee, if a committee at all in fact, will be of any great assistance towards rectifying the wrongs heaped upon us and perpetuated by badly chosen representatives. I do not doubt the motives of the enthusiastic gentlemen who group themselves under the name of "Citizens' Committee," but with few exceptions they are men who are unattractive and uninfluential. As I took occasion to state before this Committee was organized, I am afraid that their interference will result in the election of men more than we ever had before. The best of those engaged on the Committee are men who would not under-

not rise up to rebuke him when he is anxious to obtain a place. Out of some of the nobodies who are likely to be given prominence some splendid material may be developed, but it is unlikely. This being the case, no man who has leisure and ideas and a proper ambition to be of use to his city, should sit back and refuse to become a candidate because he is not beckoned to by these self-appointed mentors of the people. Unless they nominate good men and force an acceptance upon them, these widely advertised committees will have done only harm. If they succeed in getting good men to the front and in electing them, they will have accomplished more than any other body that was ever organized in the city of Toronto.

It may be said that I am going out of my way to hint at failure in connection with the Citizens' Committee; if you read the names of those who did the talking at their last meeting you will recognize some of the old-fashioned jaw-smiths of the past and will know that this is not the first time the same voice has been heard crying in the wilderness of our municipal misfortunes. Unless men of undoubted ability and standing come forward and offer them-

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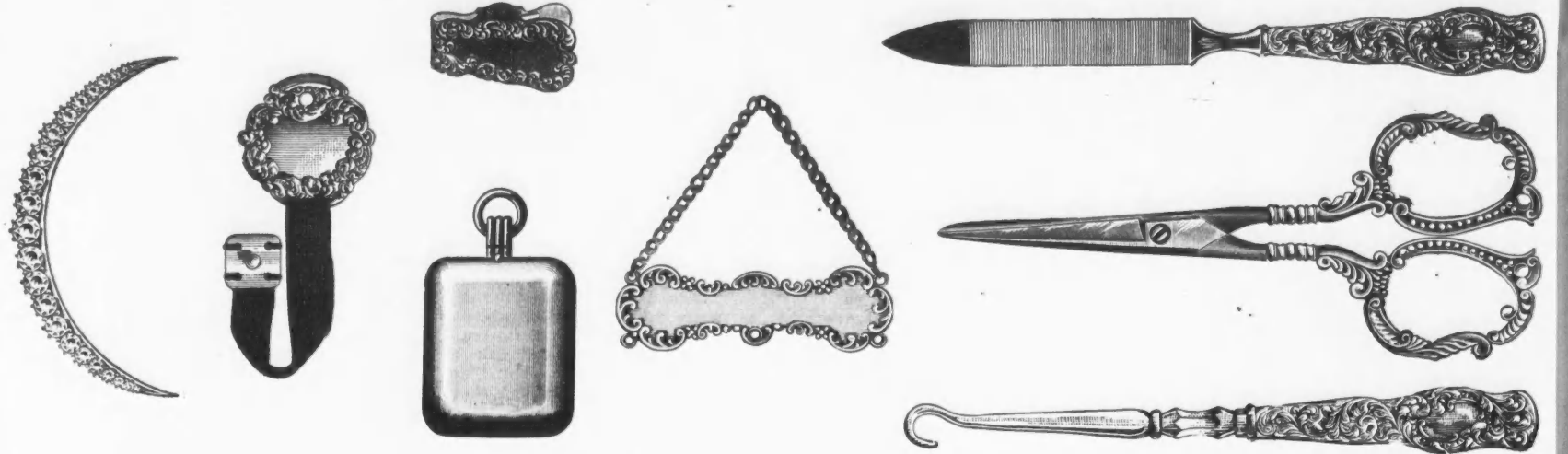
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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and party are at Folkestone. I am afraid I shall not see the doors of Yeadon Hall open this winter.

A tea was given by the Tully-Grier Art Students' on Saturday afternoon which attracted many of the prominent men and women, who watch the career of the young artists whose work was on exhibition with friendly interest. On the north wall were Miss Mabel Cawthra's pictures, while Miss Hagarty's were *vis-a-vis*. I heard many nice things said about Miss Cawthra's Goose Girl and Flock, and the various French studies this clever lady has brought back from her Continental visit. Everyone regretted the *contretemps* which prevented the fair artist from being at the tea. Miss Hagarty, however, was there and many appreciative comments doubtless reached her ears on her fine pictures of Long Island, both land and seascapes. Miss Hagarty has certainly done honor to the school where she and her fellow artists spent so delightful a summer. Among the visitors on Saturday were: Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. and Miss Cattinach, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Miss Beatrice Sullivan, the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. and Miss Beardmore and many other prominent people.

Mr. T. G. Blackstock has gone to join the Gooderham party across the Atlantic.

Mrs. O'Reilly gave a very pleasant tea for Miss Burke of Chicago on Saturday at which, in spite of the forbidding day, a large number of guests were present.

The Misses Carty will hold an afternoon reception on Monday next.

Mrs. Clougher's tea on Friday was a very bright and pleasant affair. The hostess received in a pretty gown of *faille* and lace, and was assisted by Mrs. Mercer Adam. By her side stood a faithful little cavalier in a sailor costume of pure white, who smiled demurely at his mother's lady guests. The buffet was in pink and three pretty and graceful girls, the Misses Collinson and Miss Bugz, presided thereat, wearing the daintiest of pink ribbons and sashes. Mrs. Clougher's friends did not mind a threatening evening but turned out in large numbers and were very happy together at a charming reunion.

Although Advent season began last week, when a temporary lull is supposed to occur in social events, the Wednesday reception at Government House seemed rather to be augmented than lessened in numbers and enjoyment. Crowds of callers and lines of carriages made passers-by turn to Government House, and strange wayfarers enquire what was going on. Within, the mistress of the mansion was besieged with guests, several of the *debutantes* making timid bows to the gracious lady who heads the social phalanx, and after a kindly word and a bright glance from her lovely brown eyes, going home over head and ears in love with her. People hurried from the west side, where callers must do congregate on Wednesdays, and made their escape from various tempting "teas," to swell the merry crowd who weekly enjoy an hour in the hospitable salons of Government House. Miss Kirkpatrick, who has been away for some time, was welcomed back heartily. Space forbids a list of the hundreds who met and chatted and will meet again next week.

"Can we get in?" was the question asked by late-comers at Athelstane on Thursday last week. Neither bars nor bolts hindered, but though the hospitable doors were thrown wide open, on a lovely mild afternoon, and the pretty chaos of color and chatter and movement was so close at hand, the questioners were obliged to pause for a moment, like Moore's Peri "at Eden's gate disconsolate," and wonder if there was really room for belated arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville's dear five hundred friends were most of them to be seen during the afternoon, and though the crowd was dense it was also very merry, for most of them had become accustomed to crushing their neighbors' sleeves and having their own similarly treated. I was amused at the *mot* uttered by a well-known judge as he confided to his fair companions, "I have given up frivolities and go in for afternoon teas." Mrs. Somerville wore a charming gown of white and canary. Her sisters, Mrs. Hetherington of Athelstane and Mrs. Clemow of Ottawa, with Mrs. Young, her sister-in-law, and Miss Mackenzie of Sarnia, made up a house party which was able to look after even such a swarm of guests. And the master of Athelstane, with his sons, were a trio who feared neither sleeves

nor large hats, but seemed in all corners at once, beaming with the heartiest hospitality. Among the guests were almost all of Toronto's leading people, whose names are household words, but whom space lacks to enumerate.

The quadrille of honor at St. Andrew's was danced by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. Cassels and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Major Cosby and Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn and Mrs. G. W. Allan, Justice McLellan and Mrs. Davidson, Hon. G. W. Allan and Mrs. Cockburn, Sir Frank Smith and Mrs. Cosby, and Col. Fred C. Denison and Mrs. Alexander Fraser. By the way, talking of square dances brings to my mind a vexed question of the etiquette concerning them, at public balls. Some people make up their minds that a public ball has among other possibilities the one of dancing in a set with persons unknown to them, and are prepared to meet such a contingency with indifference; others draw the line very sharply and decline to accept as a *vis-a-vis* anyone whom they have not arranged with in that capacity or who is not a personal friend. In the latter case, the right couple to take their place have clearly the right to say whether they will accept strangers or not, and the etiquette of the dance requires that the strangers shall take their chance of being supplanted by a *vis-a-vis* selected by the couple who first occupied the corresponding position, and should they be so supplanted, their only course is to quietly withdraw, neither feeling themselves to be slighted or the other parties to blame. If this rule were clearly understood, some persons who may have imagined themselves slighted would know that they were not in the least so, and perhaps a more pleasant turn might be given to what is sometimes a very disagreeable episode, both to those whose place is taken and to those who are asked to occupy it.

Mrs. Hodgins gave a very pleasant tea at her residence on Pembroke street on Wednesday of last week. She was assisted by her niece, Miss Dewar of Hamilton, for whom I fancy the tea was given and who is welcome to Toronto whenever she finds time to transfer her grace and brightness from the Ambitious City. Miss Dewar has been for some days the guest of Mrs. Hodgins.

One of the most perfect dancers at St. Andrew's ball was Mrs. Alec Fraser, who tripped deftly in that style of dancing known as the Neil Gow. Mr. Ramsay, a picture of a young Scotchman in kilts, also dances in the same fashion which, in his case, necessitates taking a position allowing his glance to meet his toe over his bent elbow. Now, copy that if you can!

Mrs. Schreiber, from the Forks of the Credit, has been visiting friends in town. On Sunday evening Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson's usual circle at supper included Mrs. Schreiber as the guest of honor.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock returned to town recently and has been stopping at the Queen's. I am sorry to note that she has been confined to her sofa with a sprained ankle, which I believe she managed to acquire in Ireland.

Miss Mabel Cawthra has been laid up since Tuesday with an injury resulting from a fall at the Hunt Club meet. Sprains are the fashionable complaints just now, and it behooves us all to walk warily.

Mr. Shanly is another unwilling prisoner, but I am glad to say his sprain promises a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Dawson has also been laid up for a fortnight. It is quite worth while being temporarily invalided to give one's friends a chance to say how sadly they miss us.

Mr. McLean of Pennyroyal, who unfortunately sprained his ankle at the re-unions for the practice of the Scotch dances, is still confined to the sofa. This was a particularly annoying *contretemps* as it prevented one of the most perfect dancers in the *coterie* from appearing at the ball.

Mrs. Lockhart gave a charming tea for ladies on Thursday afternoon. Many flowers and softly shaded lights set off her pretty parlors, and the hum of happy voices exchanging all sorts of gossip, retrospective and anticipative, filled their cheery precincts. The hostess, always a very picturesque and charming woman, is at her brightest and best when the center of a bevy of guests.

Such weather! cry the merry golfers as they go eastward with anticipation and come west-

ward with regret. Golf has enchanted some of our sweetest and fairest women and they are reaping a golden harvest of health and beauty therefrom.

Captain Lessard has been confined to his room with a strain for some days, but is now much better.

Echoes of St. Andrew's Ball say that Mrs. William Manson Rose of Braeside was charming in cream satin with pearl passementerie, with heather bouquet and *coiffure aigrette*; Miss Flo Cumberland wore heliotrope and black; Miss Skae, black with apple green; Mrs. Somerville looked very handsome in white satin; Mrs. Charles Gosling was also in white with plush sleeves and becoming white bow; Mrs. Jack Murray wore blue with pretty trimmings of fur; Miss Smith of New York wore white China silk, with russet velvet; Mrs. Pyne looked well in yellow poplin and black; Miss Sophie Michie wore white satin, with violet trimmings and sleeves; Miss Thorburn was in a very handsome white gown with violets; Miss Ferguson wore white silk and had a handsome cloak of violet velvet; her sister was in black silk, with silver trimmings; Miss Birdie Mason wore white with russet velvet; Miss Catto, blue silk daintily brocaded with tiny flowers.

Judging by the very large number of our society people who have already subscribed to the Yasee concert in the Pavilion on December 18, I may safely say this will be the fashionable musical event this season.

Mrs. H. K. Cockin, whose serious illness has caused her friends much anxiety, is now happily convalescent.

Another of the jolly gatherings of the Island Nicotine Club took place one evening recently. This time they met at the residence of the Warden of the Black and Yellow of the club, Mr. A. J. Rolph, St. George street. There was a good turn-out of members, who passed the evening most pleasantly with music, whist and billiards, while they enjoyed their secret blend of tobacco, Arcadia, prepared by the official weed blender. The new club pins were distributed and met with unanimous approval.

The past and present boys of Ridley College, St. Catharines, held their annual football reunion on Saturday last. The old boys' team were: Messrs. A. W. Macdonald, A. A. Allan, E. V. Elwood, S. Gzowski, F. M. Perry, William Cronyn, Ross Gooderham, Walter Callcott, Frank Coy, M. D. Baldwin, A. White, Shirley Stewart, Charles Macdonald and D. B. Macdonald. The game was very closely contested and ended in favor of the present boys by 7 to 6. After the match a banquet was tendered to the old boys at the College, Rev. Principal Miller occupying the chair. Speeches were made by Messrs. Perry, Baldwin, D. Macdonald, Benson, Cronyn and others. Most of the old boys left for their homes by the evening train, though several stayed in St. Catharines till Monday to visit old friends. The reunion was one of the most pleasant events since the commencement.

Some Toronto hostesses should read a letter addressed to this column by a lady, which sets forth the remissness of said hostesses in a small matter, big, however, with discomfort. "Give these people a scolding," writes the irate dame, "on the slowness of their servants in attending the door." Now, no scolding is allowed in this column, but a remonstrance will probably find an easier way to the heart of the dear little sinners and cause them to detail a special man or maid to promptly open the door on their reception day. Some stately homes are models in this respect: no sooner does the echo of the bell cease, than the door flies open into a cosy, lighted haven from the wintry blasts, which, alas! have quite sufficient time to chill and exasperate the caller in some less well arranged localities.

A brilliant Toronto girl, whose clever writing has several times attracted comment from the readers of this paper, is Miss Kathleen Frances Morrison Sullivan, who is now in Mentone with her father, lately Bishop of Algoma. Miss Sullivan's strong story in the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, The Shade of Helen, shows a side of her *facile* brain not at all betrayed in her merry, humorous, Irish manner, but proving a surprising revelation of power and thought. Miss Sullivan has been accepted as a contributor to the *Pull Mall Budget*, so well known as a leading high-class London journal, and a story from her pen will form part of the *Pull Mall Christmas Number*. SATURDAY NIGHT is proud of the success of the clever girl who made her

debut in literature in these columns and promises to be well appreciated in wider fields.

It is not often that Owen Sound is able to record such an interesting and successful event as the one which took place in the parlors of the Paterson House, one Saturday recently, the occasion being a German At Home given by Miss Holterman to her German classes. Miss Holterman received and entertained her guests with her usual charming grace and a most delightful evening was spent by all. Among those present were: Judge Creasor, Judge and Mrs. Morrison, Rev. William and Mrs. Hincks, Mrs. Miller of Hanover, Mr. John Armstrong, Dr. Snelgrove and Miss Paul of Meaford, Miss L. Parker, Messrs. Jenkins, Burgess, Brough, Wright, Reid, McKay, Q.C., Patterson, Kerrall, Miss Strain, Master Garfield Waites and Master Frank McFarland.

The first of the four assemblies to be given in Brantford this winter took place on Thursday, November 29, in the Masonic Temple, and owing to the untiring exertions of the able secretary, Mr. C. M. Nelles, and the treasurer, Mr. F. T. Wilkie, proved a brilliant success. The spacious hall, landing, and improvised drawing-room, were decorated with plants and rugs, easy chairs and lounges, and the floor of the large banqueting hall, where dancing was indulged in, was in excellent condition. There were no programmes, and all concerned seemed delighted with the management and are looking forward eagerly to the next assembly, which takes place on Thursday, Dec. 20. The patronesses were: Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. Digby, Mrs. Blackader, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. G. H. Wilkes, Mrs. H. McKay Wilson and Mrs. F. T. Wilkes. One of the prettiest dresses in the room was that worn by Mrs. Will D. Jones, a rich yellow satin trimmed with buttercups; Mrs. Herbert Yates wore black corded silk and natural violets; Mrs. William Patterson, Jr., pink silk and black velvet; Miss Nita Nelles, an accordion-pleated dress of crimson silk; Miss Gussie Bowly wore white Swiss muslin trimmed with white *noire* ribbons; Miss Greer wore white silk with *cerise* sleeves; Mrs. Douglas Reville, green silk; Mrs. Charles M. Nelles, white silk with wreaths of violet trimmings; Miss Scarle looked lovely in white and mauve; Miss Louise Scarle wore pure white; Miss Ethel Jenkins wore white and yellow silk; Miss Briggs of Kingston, white gauze.

On Friday evening, November 29, the residence of Mrs. (Dr.) Meiklejohn of Sterling, Ont., was the scene of one of the pleasantest and brightest receptions Sterling has ever seen. The magnificent drawing-rooms were given over to dancing and card-parties, and it needs no telling that a delightful evening was spent. A *petit souper* at twelve well maintained the reputation of the charming hostess for entertaining. The following is a list of the invited guests: Mrs. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Faulkner, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Meiklejohn, Mr. and Mrs. Morden Bird, Mrs. John Crane of Vancouver, B.C., Mrs. Gieves of Madoc, Mrs. O. Hewitt, Miss Jean Fowles of Hastings, Miss Clarke, Miss Emma Clarke, Miss McLean of Belleville; Miss Milne, Miss Emily Parker, Miss Bessie Parker, Miss Judd, Miss Lou Judd, Miss Ethel Anderson, Miss Gray, Miss Crosby, Miss [Kate Crosby], Miss Minnie Crosby, Miss Gilbert, Miss Halliwell, Miss Dollie Green, Miss Annie Green, Miss Wescot, Miss Lou Chard, Miss Lizzie Chard, and Messrs. John Earl Halliwell, George Thrasher, Dr. Wade of Brighton; Dr. Haig of Campbellford; Dr. Berry of Hastings; Dr. Carlou of Campbellford; Dr. McCauley of Frankford; Charles Clarke of Belleville; Don. Bleeker; F. Skinner of Kingston; H. F. Flynn, Will Cross of Madoc; William Daly of Napanee; C. J. Boldrick, J. Bush, C. Parker, Dr. Sager, John Stewart Carstairs, Alfred Judd, Dr. Crosby, M. McLean, Lawrence Halliwell and William Halliwell.

A most enjoyable party and *musical* was given by Mrs. Ahern of Sydenham street on Thursday evening of last week, when the time was delightfully whiled away in games, music, etc. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rame, Misses Ellen Ahern, Flora Alward, L. Aikens, Ida Jenkins, Rose Walters, Ada Denison, S. Maita, Bruner, May Walters, K. and M. Ahern, and Messrs. Gellinas, Kennard, Peake, McNeil, Judge, Scott, Best, Walker, Ray, and H. and A. Gellinas. The musical selections, vocal and instrumental, by Mrs. Denison, Miss Katie Ahern, Miss Jenkins, and Messrs. Gellinas, Peake, Judge, Kennard, Walker, and A. Gellinas were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. The merry party dispersed somewhere in the wee sma' hours, all vowing it one of the most enjoyable evenings spent this season.

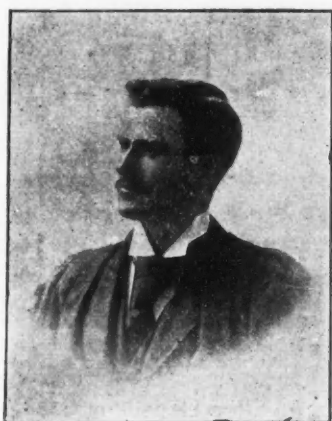
Varsity Meds. Dine.

NEVER before in the history of the Rossin House did its dining-room present a more brilliant appearance than on the evening of December 6. It was the eighth annual dinner of the medical faculty and students of the University of Toronto. Long before the doors were opened the drawing-room and halls were crowded with students, who sang choruses and cheered their favorites as they ascended the stairs. The large banquet hall was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting; the royal arms hung over the chairman's head; the tables were covered with many of the richest delicacies that art and nature can provide, while the happy faces of the three hundred and fifty guests and students presented one of the most pleasing spectacles ever witnessed in this city. Everything tended to produce an enjoyable evening. The fare was excellent; the menu cards in the form of a maple leaf, colored to represent the autumn tints and embellished with humorous caricatures of prominent students were unique and beautiful.

"May those eat now who never ate before,
And those who always ate now eat the more."

The above motto which appeared at the top of the menu was adopted unanimously, the students believing that "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The best of order prevailed throughout the evening, respectful attention being paid to the addresses, the sentiments of which were enthusiastically applauded as the opportunity afforded.

Mr. W. T. McArthur, the president, was at the head of the table and to the right and left at the head table and among the guests were:



W. T. McArthur, '95
President.

His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Thorburn, Prof. J. E. Graham, Prof. Mavor, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P., Mr. W. S. Lee, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. J. S. Willison, Dr. D. Clarke, Prof. James H. Richardson, Prof. Ellis, Prof. McPhedran, Dr. W. T. Atkins, L.L.D., Judge Rose, Prof. A. B. McCallum, Prof. I. H. Cameron, Vice-Chancellor Mulock, Q.C., M.P., Rev. Principal Caven, Rev. Principal Sheraton, Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Prof. Primrose, Dr. Bain, Dr. Rae of Oshawa, Dr. L. McFarlane, Prof. Alfred Baker, Dr. McDonagh, Prof. R. A. Reeve, Dr. Amyot, Dr. Field, Dr. Crawford, Dr. Hill, Dr. McCollum, Dr. Cameron, Dr. Pyne, Dr. Adam Wright, Dr. Alexander, Dr. Sinclair, Dr. Parfitt, Dr. Shuttlesworth, Mr. Guy Elliott, Dr. Armour, Dr. Langrill, Dr. Russell, superintendent of the Hamilton Asylum, Dr. Smith of Hamilton, Dr. Toistie, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Spencer, Dr. G. A. Peters, Dr. Barnham, Dr. Dwyer and many others.

Letters of regret were sent by the Governor-General, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. William Hart, Rev. Father Teefy, Dr. John Hoskin, Mr. John Ross Robertson, Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Chancellor Boyd, Chief Justice Meredith, Mr. Justice Hagarty, Mayor Kennedy, Mr. Hugh Blain, Mr. George Gooderham, Mr. E. B. Oler, and Prof. Goldwin Smith. A pleasant incident was the reading by the secretary of a cablegram, Toronto Forever, sent by Drs. James McCallum, MacLaren, Bruce, Grant, Glasco, Taylor, Rykert and Harris, who are taking post graduate courses in London, England.

The officers of the society deserve mention. Dr. J. E. Graham is honorary member;



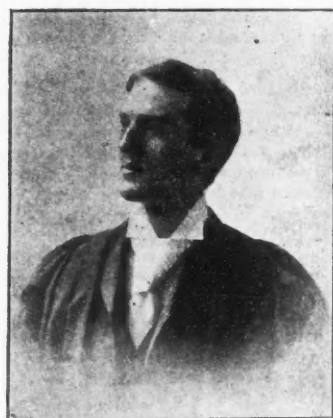
Franklin McConnell, '95
Hon. Secretary.

Mr. W. T. McArthur is president; Messrs. S. H. Westman and J. H. Elliott are the first and second vice-presidents; Mr. Frank McConnell is the indefatigable secretary and deserves special mention for his earnest and constant exertions in connection with the dinner. The other members of the committee are: Messrs. J. W. Jeffs and W. Thom of the fourth year; Messrs. Rannie, Hooper and McCallum of the third; Messrs. W. C. White, Ferris, Smith and Holmes of the first. At ten o'clock the president, Mr. W. T. McArthur, rose and on behalf of the faculty and students welcomed the guests who had honored them by their presence. He spoke of the social advantages of such occasions. It was a time characterized by freedom, good cheer and enjoyment, and none valued it more highly than did the students who, for once, were permitted to give expression to their sentiments. Turning to student life he urged strongly the need of greater attention to the social and physical training and roused the enthusiasm of the students when he said that before long the time-table would demand their presence at the gymnasium at nine o'clock in the morning. Continuing he said that the student of to-day worked too long hours (applause); that the coming student would do more work in less time, and concluded by asking all to be loyal and true to their alma mater, and expressing the opinion that the University of Toronto would become in time the foremost among the educational institutions of the continent. His address throughout was eloquent and highly appreciated by the faculty and students, who applauded him frequently.

After the toast of the Queen had been honored, Mr. S. H. Westman made a neat little speech and proposed Canada, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor responding. His Honor is a very graceful and polite speaker, and he won the hearts of the student body. Dr. James H. Richardson also responded to this toast, and in calling upon him Mr. McArthur pointed out that in 1860 when the Prince of Wales was about to be welcomed here, it was Dr. Richardson who proposed the maple leaf as the emblem of native-born Canadians.

The toast, Toronto University, was proposed by Mr. J. A. Rennie, and Vice-Chancellor Mulock arose amid great applause to respond. However, he had dampening news to tell, for he said that the prospect of getting a Park Hospital at present looked very slim. Dr. Baker also responded to the toast, and paid a well-merited compliment to the Vice-Chancellor.

The Faculty was proposed by Mr. T. W.



E. T. Kellam, '95
Rep. Sessional Com.

Jeffs and responded to by Dr. McPhedran. The doctor got back at the speaker at Trinity Medical dinner of last week. There is always a certain amount of war at these annual dinners, bearing out the French statement that John Bull always wants to fight after eating.

The speech of the evening was made by Hon. G. W. Ross, who responded to the toast The Legislature, proposed by Mr. W. Ferris. He discussed the medical council, fees, and all those points in the existing system which are from time to time attacked, indicating that while some reforms are no doubt possible, yet, at present, the existing condition of things cannot well be improved. However, he placed it as a personal obligation upon all graduates that they should study the situation, consider all the objections raised by this one and that one, so that proper reforms might not be delayed when the need for them was realized. The speech was marked by good sense and will prove beneficial.

Next followed The Press, which was proposed by Mr. McCallum, and was responded to by Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. J. H. Woods and Mr. James A. Tucker. The last named gentleman, by the way, has just resigned the editorship of *Varsity* and is succeeded by Mr. J. Montgomery.

The toast of Other Professions was proposed by Dr. W. T. Graham in a neat speech. Mr. Justice Rose responding for the law and Rev. Chancellor Burwash for the clergy. Medical Associations was the next toast honored, Mr. E. T. Kellam proposing it, and Dr. Atkins, Dr. Ketchum and Dr. Smith replying. Next came the Toronto General and Victoria Hospitals, Mr. E. M. Hooper proposing it, and Dr. Lee, Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Dwyer responding. Sister Institutions were then heartily honored, Mr. Lambly replying for McGill, Mr. Mason for Bishop's, Mr. Hager for Queen's, Mr. James for London, and Mr. Bearson for Trinity. Mr. W. C. White proposed Athletics, the response being by Messrs. Spence and Gillies. Mr. F. McNulty proposed The Graduates, Dr. Don Armour and Mr. McKay replying. To The Ladies, Mr. McNamara replied, Mr. Elliot proposing it, and Mr. A. H. Addy proposed the toast of The Freshmen, to which Mr. Crawford made response. This brought to an end a very pleasant dinner.

The Judge and the Cyclist.

The other day a jocular cyclist, well known in the Copenhagen sporting world, had to answer a summons for riding on the foot-path leading to Lyngby church. The judge thundered out the words, "You have been cycling on the Lyngby church foot-path!"

The cyclist nodded assent.

"You will have to pay a fine of four kroner."

The accused took four coins out of his pocket and laid them on the bar. "But tell me, your worship, have Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie permission to cycle on the path in question?"

The judge rubbed his nose.

"Um! No, certainly not. Is this your first offence?"

"Yes, your worship, and my last," answered the culprit.

"Well, then, I will let you off with a caution this time."

Our cyclist gathered up his money, made his bow and walked off. But when he had got to the door, the judge called out to him:

"Halloa, you there, did you actually see Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie riding on that path?"

"If No, your worship!" replied the cyclist with a twinkle in his eye, and was gone.—*Handelsstidningen.*

Pleasant Revelation.

Strange—Zum Donnerwetter, now you have cut my chin a second time. If you can't shave better than that, you will lose all your customers pretty quick.

Barber's Apprentice—Not at all! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet I only shave strangers!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

example? If so, what do we find except that the modern temple, like the City Temple of London, Eng., is being made the bartering place of unspiritual things and the resort of those whose business is not more gentle nor less profitable than that of the money-lender?

Appropos of this somewhat disturbing topic, I venture to ask—with fear and trembling of course—is there not, looking at it from the Apostolic standpoint, a good deal of "boodling" going on in the churches? I am tortured into touching this rather startling topic by the fact that it is timely and the very free use that the preachers have made of the recent "washing of pay dirt" by the investigation. When the gentlemen of the pulpit venture to refer to hiring aldermen as "the vermin around the City Hall," "traitors," etc., I should not be thought over-bold if I ask what is "boodling" anyhow? Is it not accepting money that should not be accepted? Is not the church a "boodler" that accepts an exemption from taxation that should not be accepted? For instance, if a man living on Jarvis street objected when a company was anxious to asphalt it, and the company found it was necessary to pay him enough money to cover his share of the cost of the work in order to get his signature to the petition required by law, would that be "boodling"? Certainly, and if he accepted it, both those who paid it and the man who accepted it would be "boodlers." The Government of this province finds it necessary to continue religious exemptions from taxation in order to obtain church support; exemptions are obviously a tax for religious purposes and admittedly wrong in the ethics of all Protestants. Yet all Protestant and Catholic churches in Toronto, with the exception of the Jarvis street Baptist church, accept this bribe, profit by this departure from principle, take the dirty pieces of silver and yet echo on Sunday with diatribes against "boodlers." Bah!

Oh, you say, it is accepted for a good purpose! Money was taken by aldermen to introduce a street railway line on Broadway, New York, a work so necessary to public convenience that even after "boodling" was discovered no man moved to have the line removed. Did that make "boodling" right or save Jake Sharp, the promoter, from Sing Sing, where he and a number of the bribed aldermen were sent? No, not at all; and the churches can put this in their pews and think it out.

How can clergymen expect aldermen to engage in tasks which at least destroy their leisure and make them public servants for six days out of the week, without payment? If the task of serving God and preaching the Gospel of His Son is not of such transcendent importance that the time and attention of the Best Men can be given to it without salary or emolument, then why expect the man who simply serves the public and toils, not with souls, but with sewers, to volunteer his time? I am tired of this hifalutin tone in the pulpit, accompanied as it is by such extraordinarily carnal conduct in temporal affairs, and I ask if we have not a right to remonstrate.

Where does the whole system of boodling find its nursery? Is it not in the warmth, prosperity and popularity of those surroundings which make it respectable? Where is this? Is it in the theater and saloon, the dive or the dance hall, as certain preachers would have us believe? Hardly! These are the outgrowths of our social system, not the social system itself! If the churches filled the unlimited sphere they were designed to fill, these would not exist. If the adherents of churches did not encourage, if not propagate, the men who are elected to betray public confidence, the absolutely reckless element would never send a representative to the Council or to Parliament. As a matter of fact, religious organizations, far more than the oft-condemned "secret societies" and lodges, lend themselves, innocently no doubt, to the intrigues of the incompetent, the unworthy and even the vicious. I am not deriding the usefulness of the churches, for I have for them the profoundest respect when they mind their own spiritual business, nor am I trying to excuse the fools and rascals who have shipwrecked themselves trying to play a double part with unspeakable villainy as their object. In an article like this no one has a right to accuse me of infidelity, of which I was never guilty, nor of sympathy with boodlers that I never felt. I am after the facts, and where they lead I am willing to go.

It should not be forgotten that there is more than one kind of "boodling." All the robbers are not in public office nor out of the churches. This being true, why should church indignation center itself on public offenders or fail to chastise the smug and sleek contributor to its funds? Is not the air of formalism, pretension and enforced hypocrisy chargeable with much of the insincerity and double dealing of our public servants? DON.

Money Matters.

Regarding debenture stocks, I have heard, in a quiet way, through communications made by private investors, who are apparently genuine, that the suggestion thrown out last week with regard to asking for impartial information without commission has been received with much acceptance, and, as a proof of what I have previously said with regard to the advantage to be taken by municipalities and counties, it is really astonishing how this stock has been thrown on the market.

The city of Berlin is now issuing \$10,000 debenture stock bearing 5 per cent. interest, per annum, repayable in 30 years in annual instalments, and this is for sewer purposes. The city also issues \$12,000 bonds, bearing interest at 4 1/2 per cent. per annum, repayable in 30 years by annual instalments, and this money is wanted for paving purposes. Anyone who knows this city will admit that it is one of the liveliest of the cities in the West. It has a good many manufacturing factories for buttons, for tanning, and has the largest shirt factory in Canada, besides having, within two miles, street railway connection with Waterloo. The assessed valuation of real and personal property is \$2,757,840, bonded indebtedness \$84,825 and the population is about 8,000. Not only is the manufacturing interest energetic and enterprising, but the support

from the surrounding farming country is somewhat phenomenal. Anyone who happens to be there on Saturday morning when the farmers come in, will find the market open at seven o'clock and closed at eight o'clock. Then the stores are crowded and by eleven o'clock the farmers have spent all the money they want to spend and are off again to their farms.

The town of Chatham issues \$10,018 bonds, bearing interest at 4 1/2 per cent. per annum, repayable in 21 years annual instalments. This is for the consolidation of their debt. It is a thriving town, has several good industries, and among others has the largest wagon factory in the Dominion. The assessed valuation of real and personal property is \$3,500,000 and the public debt \$310,000. The rate of taxation is 1.02. Has daily communication with Detroit and Windsor, and has a population of 9,000.

The county of Elgin issues bonds for \$15,000 bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, payable in ten annual instalments, and this is to build a bridge.

Investors can judge for themselves as to the reasonableness for these loans.

C. P. R. stock is weakening in spite of a reported increase of \$2,000 for the week ending December 7, as compared with the corresponding week of last year. No one apparently seems to know the reason of it.

G. T. R. earnings for the week ending December 8, show an increase of \$7,270 over the corresponding week of last year. As there are no transactions in that stock done here, it is hardly necessary to make reference to the price. The price of this stock is not always cabled from London, Eng., like that of the C.P.R. stock, because the information comes through New York, and apparently New York has no interest in the G.T.R.

The Toronto Street Railway earnings show an increase for the year of 10 per cent. \$55 are bid and not accepted.

Montreal Street Railway Stock is strong, because of their good earnings.

Montreal Gas stock is also strong, because of the expectation that a good arrangement will be made with the city.

There has been an attempt made to boom some of the Loan Companies stock here, and I would advise our readers to be very cautious in any investments they might wish to make in this kind of stock. The reason is not far to seek. If a properly authorized investigation were made, perhaps it would be found that some of our Loan Companies have been putting down the value of their assets with regard to real estate the same, or nearly the same, as they have been for the last few years, carrying them over and, according to some cynical critics, they have been hiding out of capital. I happen to know that some of our Loan Companies would be very glad to dispose of some of the real estate for the value of the first mortgage, so that they might be able to have a double security for their assets, but that real estate to-day could not be sold for the value of the first mortgage, because the unfortunate buyer would lose by paying the interest and the taxes. Another thing is this, they have taken judgments against men by which they hope to benefit some day, if ever the defendant should be worth anything, but the defendant will take good care to protect himself and his family against any execution. What is wanted now by all right-thinking men is that the Loan Companies should compromise and be done with it, and until that is done I am very much afraid there will be no chance of any improvement in the real estate market, and certainly no chance of improvement for the satisfaction of judgments, and let it not be forgotten for the purpose of placing Loan Companies in a healthy condition, so that investors may know exactly the value of their stock.

Bank stocks are heavy, as I reported last week would likely be, because there is no outlet for the money they have lying in their vaults. Although I handled the Ontario Bank severely, but justly, some weeks ago, I was sorry to see that Meredith & O'Brien of Montreal have been trying to run down this bank. It is not fair to hit a man when he is down, and this aphorism applies in this way, that although we may talk down a bank in prosperous times, because we can afford to, there is no necessity to run down a bank in Canada just now when we are in the very depths of despair. With the exception of the Commercial Bank of Manitoba, which was only a local concern and had only a small local influence, there has been no bank failure in Canada since the fraudulent Central Bank failed, and we have stood through the natural influences of the crisis in the money market, and certainly not failed. Still, however, bankers have themselves to blame in a great measure for these rumors because strong banks would like the money, that should come naturally to them in the way of deposits, which are diverted to other channels because they are unable to utilize them.

This Newfoundland catastrophe, which seems to have agitated the minds of some nervous individuals, was not unexpected, and it does not affect Canada in any way whatever, because the connection between Newfoundland and Canada lies between the chief houses in Newfoundland and their agents in Canada. Now these agents, as a rule, pay cash for flour, molasses and other produce sent to them. There is more connection with the States than with Canada and this has given rise to the belief that Newfoundland would prefer annexation with the States. This does not lie within the region of this article and, therefore, we leave it alone, but in passing I may say that even along the Gaspe coast there is more business done with Jersey State than people would think, and when there were some heavy failures in the fishing line there some years ago, the New Jersey Bank had to fail. It may be asked why. Well just this—that they could not realize because, although the fishing people along the whole coast, as well as in Newfoundland, are very much in a state of addoloration, yet they just helped themselves to the assets of the big firm that failed, and who can blame them? All those fishermen are supposed to be partners in the annual ventures, and, although they are kept comfortably well with regard to food and clothing, yet the large companies get the dollars and the fishermen the cents. EAST.

Social and Personal.

Miss Mary Drayton is on a visit to Mr. Burnham at Port Hope, where she is enjoying herself immensely.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron returned from Chicago last week. Her mother, Mrs. Lyon, who was quite ill, is, I am glad to say, very much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch have left the Arlington for their new home on St. George street.

Commodore and Mrs. Boswell are settled in their house on Spadina road.

Mr. and Mrs. Kay and family, who have been for some time abroad, have taken a house on St. George street for the winter.

A quintette of bachelors have settled in the old Mackenzie homestead, recently occupied by Commodore and Mrs. Boswell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grace celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding last week.

A very large and delightful tea was given by a popular lady on John street last Saturday, at which crowds of congenial people were present. The murky afternoons of rain which sometimes come in winter throw into lovely con-

trast the warmth and brightness of a successful tea. Guests hurry in half congealed, and linger, loth to leave the cosy corners where familiar faces and pretty smiles are to be seen. From hostess to youngest maiden, coaxing one with bon-bons and salted almonds, a spirit of kind and genial welcome pervaded this particular tea, and consequently everyone enjoyed it.

Mrs. Ross Robertson received an immense number of friends on Monday afternoon at a tea. Her house, which is spacious for all ordinary affairs, was packed with men, and plenty of enjoyment was the result. The darker the clouds gathered outside, the brighter seemed the handsome salons, and laughter, jest and greeting resounded on all sides. Mrs. Robertson wore silver gray and brocade and was coiffed in a most becoming fashion. Mr. J. S. Robertson, who returned from Europe this day week, was a very right-hand man on this occasion and never allowed a guest to lack attention. This tea was thoughtfully given on the reception day most usual in the neighborhood, which practice, I am rejoiced to notice, is being followed by many kind hostesses. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's Friday reception is another instance this week of the same consideration for society people who have many calls to make.

Mrs. Walker Barwick returned a fortnight ago from England, leaving her mother, Mrs. Atkinson with her young grand-daughter, who is being educated in the Motherland.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane have taken Mr. J. G. Scott's house on Sherbourne street during the continued absence of Mrs. Scott on the Continent.

Victoria University was en fete last Friday and was thronged with guests; students, male and female, professors and their ladies, parsons, doctors, lawyers and a few of society's butterflies loitered and chatted in the immense corridors, tele-a-tele in the classrooms or slipped coffee and lemonade and discussed ices in the refreshment-room downstairs. The Victorians cannot have much influence with the clerk of the weather, or else are indifferent to the latter, for really they do secure the most awful specimens of it for their conversazione night. Who can forget that wonderful evening last year when the city was clad in a coat of ice, the cars struck, and the trees fell by dozens! On Friday it was only rain, however, and a meanly searching east wind, and it might as well have been May moonlight for all the difference it made to Victoria's guests. They were on hand in hundreds, as bright and sweet and merry a crowd as ever trod the halls of learning. Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash received the guests, after which an excellent concert was offered for their amusement in the college chapel. A "promenade" was afterwards given by the Italian orchestra, reinforced by some wind instruments which were positively deafening. The refreshments were nicely served; in fact, I am glad to remark the great improvement at college affairs in this particular.

The Misses Hedley gave a pretty tea last week to a number of young people.

I hear Mrs. Canopitea has taken a furnished house on St. George street. Many kind enquiries are made for her on whom the mantle of grief rests so heavily.

Mr. Frank Benjamin sailed for England last week. Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, who returned to Toronto on Saturday last, wished him bon voyage from New York.

Mr. Ernest Thompson is studying color in the Julien Academy in Paris just now.

King Solomon Lodge, A. F. & A. M., give an At Home on Wednesday next in the lodgerooms on Toronto street. It is a far climb to these cosy parlors, but a lovely evening always repays the climbers.

Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill at the Arlington on Friday, December 28.

The engagement of Miss Maria Chadwick and Mr. J. Grayson Smith has been announced.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin entertained a party of friends at dinner on Thursday.

Mrs. T. Eaton gave a thimble tea for her daughter, Mrs. Burnside, who is home on a visit, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Bryce Thompson gave a charming tea on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave another large dinner party on Wednesday evening. I hear Miss Beatty will give a progressive euchre on Monday evening.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron gave a dinner on Friday of last week. I have heard a rumor of the return of Mrs. Eber Ward, for a long stay in Canada, which hosts of friends will hope may be verified speedily.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross entertained at dinner on Monday evening.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are staying in Sir John Abbott's mansion during their visit to Montreal, where they will remain until January.

Mrs. Tait of Montreal spent a few days in town with her mother, Mrs. Cockburn, last week. During her visit she was busy with the selection of rich and pretty furnishings for her house, which she is kind enough to think are best secured in Toronto.

The engagement of Mr. W. Howard Chandler and Miss Jennie L. Massey, grand-daughter of Mr. H. A. Massey, is announced.

An affair of much brilliancy was held at Osgoode Hall on Friday evening last, when the annual open debate of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society took place before a fashionable audience. Mr. Justice Rose occupied the chair and introduced the speakers and performers in the able way that is characteristic of him. The president of the society, Mr. Leighton Y. McCarthy, gave his inaugural address in a

manner that showed him to be a ready speaker. Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, an old-time Toronto favorite, delighted the audience with several vocal numbers, while no greater praise could be given Mr. W. E. Randle than to say that he was in his usual beautiful voice in the selections with which he honored the society. A feature of the evening was the debut of a new Toronto elocutionist in the person of Miss Constance Falls, who captivated all by her charming rendition of Tennyson's Lady Clare. Miss Falls, who has been studying under Prof. Mounter of this city for some years, is a daughter of the late William Hugh Falls of Ottawa. She has a charming stage appearance and all those who heard her on Friday were of the opinion that she has a future.

Mrs. T. Fred Webb of Inglewood is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Webb of Maplehurst, Brighton.

I am sorry to hear of the severe illness of Mrs. Young, sister of Mrs. Ince. This lady has been long an invalid, but her illness has taken a grave turn, causing her friends very great apprehension.

Mrs. Woodward, Miss Walker's bright and lovely New York visitor, returned home last week.

The sympathies of hosts of friends are with Mrs. Herbert Robinson in the sorrow which has come into her bright home in the sudden and serious illness of her husband.

It will be pleasant news to many people to know that Mrs. and the Misses Coldham of Toledo have come to Toronto, accompanied by Mrs. Coldham's married daughter, Mrs. Sydam, Mr. Sydam and family. I hear they are looking for a house on the west side.

Mrs. Orr of Bloor street entertained on Wednesday evening.

The Misses Carty gave a young ladies' luncheon yesterday. I believe the guests numbered twelve, and much admiration was evoked by the charming changes in decoration, etc., which have been accomplished in Miss Carty's residence during the past season.

Lady Galt gave an afternoon on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a large dinner party on the evening of December 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Massey entertained the choir of the Central Methodist church on Tuesday in a very hospitable and charming manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Coulson gave a large dinner party on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hingston Cotter Hornbrook, whose elegant nuptials attracted so much attention recently, spent a few days of their wedding tour with Mrs. Evelyn Danison last week. Mr. and Mrs. Hornbrook will reside in Windsor, where Mr. Hornbrook is a bank official.

The French Club meets this evening at the home of Mrs. Kemp, 119 Wellesley crescent. Several new members have been admitted whose presence adds much to the ensemble of the club.

Mrs. Bickford, with Mrs. Norton and Mr. H. C. Bickford, sailed on Saturday last on the Umbria. Mrs. Bickford proposes to spend some time at Gore Vale. Mrs. Norton's visit will be a short one, as she is going back with her brother, who is studying for Sandhurst, in February.

By an unfortunate oversight the name of Miss Gracie Reeve of Church street was omitted from the list of little girls (as published in the Children's Aid Society's third annual report, which has been issued) who worked so hard and so successfully for the bazaar given at the residence of Mrs. A. J. R. Snow, Sherbourne street, last winter. The secretary desires in this way to make amends for the omission.

The reception given at St. George's Hall by Mrs. Robert Baldwin and the ladies of Grace Hospital was very pleasant, but many were prevented from attending by the downpour of rain.

The reception at Government House was not held this week, out of respect for the death of Sir John Thompson, who was a close personal friend of His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

A couple of small teas were given on Wednesday, and that they were not totally wrecked by the downpour of rain shows the popularity of the hostesses concerned.

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In our Dressmaking Department we are giving special discounts on Evening Dresses, Opera Mantles and Pretty House Gowns for Xmas presents, and will make them on the shortest notice.

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In every case where the student completes properly the perfected Graded Course and complies with the instructions given.

OVER 200 GRADUATES

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Full information sent, post paid, including "The Stammerer," "Interviews with Students," "Opinions of the Press," and comments by LEADING BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

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Over 25,000 Stammerers

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TORONTO, Canada

INTO THEIR OWN TRAP

An Australian Bush Story

Written for Saturday Night by C. T. LONGLEY TAYLOR.

Private Secretary to and late sole companion of Mr. Guy Boothby on his journey across Australia, from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north to St. Vincent's Gulf in the south, the journey taking a year and a month to accomplish.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, before opening my story I must give a short account of how an Australian bush grog shanty is carried on.

As a rule it is a rough log hut containing a bar, a kitchen, and possibly what the landlord is pleased to term a bedroom or two. Behind the kitchen one finds a huge wood-pile for burning and cooking purposes, and some few yards away, on one side or other of the bar, the "dead house," or private lock-up. In many cases there is a small cemetery attached where those are buried who die under the effect of the vile liquors supplied them. I have known these cemeteries to contain as many as a dozen graves; and it has always struck me that they must surely be held out as a sort of advertisement to the place, for they are invariably situated in full view of the shanty itself.

Who may know the histories of the poor fellows who thus end their days? for as far as her inhabitants are concerned Australia is indeed a home of mystery. Well do I remember one case of a man dying at one of these hells on earth. In days gone by he had held a commission in one of our crack English cavalry regiments, but, having fallen from the social ladder, he came out to Australia and from that time he sank lower and lower until for years he lived among the Blacks.

The boss, or landlord, has in all probability been employed on one of the neighboring stations, and having saved a few pounds he thinks fit to marry, and having married he seeks what he reckons a fitting occupation for himself and wife. There are a few exceptions, but as a rule a lower class of blackguards do not exist—human leeches who live upon their fellow-men, taking every advantage of the bushman's generosity and pouring their vile concoctions down his throat. The drinks are generally manufactured on the premises, and kerosene and tobacco juice form an important item in them.

To illustrate what I mean, we will say that Jack Thomas has been working at Thurka Station for the past eighteen months and is now on his way down country for a spell. His track takes him past the Thurka hotel and he thinks, just to be sociable and to show there's no ill-feeling, he will go in and have one liquor with old Bill, the landlord—only one, and then proceed on his way again. Tying his horses up to the rail outside, he makes his way to the bar with perhaps some fifty or sixty pounds in his pocket.

Old Bill, who knows full well that he must have a considerable sum of money on him, is most effusive in his greetings and "didn't think as 'ow Jack Thomas would go past without comin' in to 'ave a drink for the sake of old times!"

Then he has another with old Bill. Someone else comes in and shouts. Jack Thomas returns it and old Bill shouts again, until at length all his good resolutions are cast to the wind, and instead of going down to Brisbane as he first intended, he determines to stay and have his spree at the Thurka hotel.

"Yer, certainly, Bill will take 'is cheque and let 'im know when it is done."

So, with three or four more wretched loafers, he starts his drinking orgie. For a while he is no less than a duke and the whisky flows like water. Then the landlord, watching his opportunity, manages to slip some filthy drug into a glass, which in a very short time lays him prostrate. With the assistance of the loafers he is carried into the "dead-house" and is there locked up until such time as it is thought expedient to set him free, being every now and again supplied with drugs to keep him in an unconscious condition.

When at last he is allowed to gain his senses, all memory of the past has forsaken him and he is in a perfect daze. All he knows is that he has a frightful thirst and on finding himself a prisoner, bellows with all his might to be let out. Whereupon he is informed that his money is spent, that he has been shouting champagne all around for the last three or four days and, such being the case, how can he expect to have any left? However, "Bill will not be 'ard on 'im." "E will make him a present of a bottle of whisky to carry 'im back to the station!"

Very sick both in heart and body, Jack Thomas asks where his horses are running.

"Yer 'orses, man! Why, yer sold the whole bag o' tricks to me for ten quid the second day you was 'ere and bust the money. I did me best to stop yer, Jack," continues the landlord with well feigned sorrow "but yer wouldn't 'ave it no ways!"

He can prove nothing against the publican, and the gift of the bottle of whisky goes to his generous heart.

Rolling up his swag, he makes the best of his way back to the station and goes on to work for another six months or a year, as the case may be, till he has saved enough money to once more fall into the hands of the shanty-keeper. Time after time are men had in this way, though curiously enough one very seldom hears them breathing a word against those who in reality rob them so infamously. It is always the same old song, "Oh, 'e ain't a bad sort of a cove, 'e give me a bottle of whiskey last time I were there to see me 'ome with!" And in that last wary act on the part of the publican, all else seems to be forgotten.

Now that I have explained the sort of life, let me proceed with my story.

Standing in the center of a great treeless plain, a prey alike to the scorching sun and the bitter winds which at times sweep across these open stretches with awful violence, are some old slab buildings—The Tunkilla Hotel. To the right of the hotel proper is the dead-house, and behind it, between the dead-house and the kitchen, is the wood-pile. A dusty track runs past the door, at the far side of which bob up a few mounds of earth denoting the cemetery.

A desolate spot indeed, and it is hard to believe that human beings can, from year's end

to year's end, live in such a place. And yet they do, and, while the shearing is progressing on the neighboring stations, it is a scene of great activity.

From the rough veranda, two men are gazing intently up the dust-ridden track. One is the proprietor and the other named Jack Marlow, known far and wide as "Sundowner Jack."

"Well, I dunno but 'e ought to 'ave been 'ere afore this," said Jack with a discontented yawn.

"What're yer growlin' about now?" asked his companion. "E's comin' all right. Can't yer see that there dust on the rise?" And he pointed to a little puff of dust far away on the horizon.

"Yer!" said the Sundowner, following with his eyes the direction indicated, "that must be 'im. No one else would be travelin' at that pace. I wonder if 'e's managed to fix it!"

"In course 'e 'as, yer bloomin' idiot. D'yer think Bill Spreight's such a durned fool as you? You bet yer life that within twenty-four hours old Tom Sykes is 'ere, and it won't be my fault if 'e don't stay!"

"But 'ow about that drunken cove in the dead-house? 'E may give us a bit o' trouble."

"Well," said the landlord, with a look of utter scorn, "I did think as 'ow 'e 'ad more savvy than that. Why, it'll be just into our 'ands. We can put the whole job on to 'im and who's to be any the wiser?"

The Sundowner whistled to show his appreciation. By this time the puff of dust had developed into a horseman who came riding towards them at full gallop. As he neared the hotel he slackened off until finally he pulled up before the veranda and, with a nod to each man, dismounted. Evidently he was the person they expected, for they rushed forward questioning him eagerly as to what news he brought.

"Did yer manage it?" asked the Sundowner as he lent a hand to undo the girths of the horse.

"Yer!" said the man, "and 'e'll be 'ere to-morrow."

"And 'ow about the stuff, Bill—is it all in one cheque?"

"No, it ain't! But for Gawd's sake give us a drop of some 'at to drink—I'm d—d near famishin'—and then I'll tell yer all about it!"

When the horse had been turned loose all three men adjourned to the bar and, after satisfying his thirst, Mr. Bill Spreight commenced as follows:

"Well, I got up to Nockaminah yesterday and loafed about all mornin' gammonin' that I wanted a job. I couldn't see old Tom Sykes nowhere and they told me 'e was over at the woolshed. But in the afternoon 'e comes back and I seen 'im starting to do a bit o' washin', so I kind o' makes up to 'im and lends 'im a 'and. 'E was in great form and told me as 'ow 'e weren't goin' to blow 'is stuff at any shanty this time, but was goin' right down to Brisbane for 'is spree. We worked away together at one thing and another, yarnin' all the time till, maybe about four o'clock, the boss sends out for 'im to settle up."

"You bet I were ready for it. I knew 'e must get 'is cheque some time in the afternoon, so I 'ad left me coat over by the office 'purpose, and when I seed 'om safely inside, I slips after 'im makin' believe that I were goin' for me pipe and 'baccy."

The landlord clapped his hands in loud applause.

"Didn't I tell yer so?" he sings out. "Bill's the boy for my money!"

Mr. Spreight took another long drink and then continued: "I kind o' lingers 'round that door till I 'eard the manager sayin' 'ere was far too big a sum to carry o' 'im and 'e'd better take a tenner for 'is expenses and 'ave the rest sent on after 'im."

"Well, at first I thought Tom was goin' to agree, for 'e 'estimates a bit as if 'e were decidin'."

"But I needn't to 'ave been afeared, for 'e says as 'ow 'e'd rather take the lot with 'im as 'e didn't understand them banks in the towns, and after a bit o' 'aggin' the manager gives way. Tom asks for 'is stuff in three lots—one for a tenner, one for a twenty and another for the balance. I reckon that there third cheque must be nigh on two 'undred quid, for 'e been up there well on four year and 'e 'ad was a savin' kind of chap."

"Ow's 'e goin to travel?" asked the Sundowner.

"Old on a bit, give us a show. I were just comin' to that. 'E told me afore goin' over to the office that 'e were goin' to swag it as far as Abdallah and then take coach to Big-Reach."

"Then 'e ought to pass 'ere to-morrow mornin'!"

"Guess so!" answered Spreight, "but we'll 'ave a tough job to get 'im in."

"Never you fear," said the landlord; "you leave that to me. I know 'ow to fix 'im!"

But the further conversation of these three worthies was here interrupted by the entrance of a couple of travelers who wished to be directed to a station some forty miles away. This did not take long, and after numerous hints about it "bein' d—d dry work travelin' this time of the year," which, needless to say, were not taken, they proceeded on their way.

The man in the dead-house yelled from his prison, and a nobbler of the landlord's special was sent over to quiet him. He was just bordering on D. T.'s, but what did they care? All his money was gone and the worse state he now got into, the better could he help them in their plans.

"Oh, Gawd!" he cried, "I can see 'em comin'! Blue! Blue! Blue!—all blue! Myriads of 'em—and they are draggin' me away into—!"

But a loud cove from the landlord drowned the rest, and with the help of the drug he was soon quiet.

It was getting late and Spreight proposed that they should go to bed, so as to be fit for their work on the morrow. Shaks-down were

made in the kitchen, and ere long all were in the land of slumber.

The night passed and the next morning broke without a cloud in the sky. When the sun rose it was in a great ball of fire. The heat was stifling and not a breath of air could be felt. After they had breakfasted, the three conspirators sat out under the veranda, waiting and watching for the first sign of their prey.

Hour after hour went by, but towards mid-day a faint something showed up on the horizon, which they made out must be their man.

"Now, Sundowner!" said the landlord. "You'll 'ave to do this part of the job as 'e might kind o' suspicion come out from Bill or me. Just yer start off and 'ump 'yer bluey towards 'im as if yer was on the wallaby; and then, when yer gits up to 'im, give 'im some o' this and I guess it'll be all right!"

The Sundowner was handed a flask which he put carefully into his pocket and, slinging his swag over his shoulder, started away, the other two men watching the course of events from the veranda.

In about a quarter of an hour's time he was seen to come up with the old man. There appeared to be some exchange in talk and then both sat down alongside the track.

"Told yer so," said the landlord to Spreight; "'e couldn't refuse a liquor and Jack looks such an innocent kind o' cove, 'e'd never suspicion anything. I guess what I put in that lot won't be long in knockin' 'im silly!"

The two men in the distance got up and slowly wended their way towards the shanty. The landlord rubbed his hands in very glee as he saw them.

"Let me out. They are after me. All—blue—blue. Snakes all—alive. Oh, ow!" comes from the dead-house. But this time they are too busily engaged and the poor wretch is allowed to rave on until, through sheer exhaustion, his voice fails him.

As Tom Sykes and the Sundowner come nearer, the former becomes very unsteady in his gait and has to lean upon his companion's arm for support. By the time he gets within a hundred yards of the hotel, he is in such a condition that the landlord and Spreight are obliged to go out and help carry him in.

He proved to be an old man, some sixty years of age, with a long gray beard straggling almost down to his waist. For years he had been employed on Nockaminah station, taking 'his periodical spees, like most others of his class, at one or other of the shanties in the district, and then, after a week or two's dissipation, returning to his work again. This time, however, he had decided to go down into civilization.

Somehow or other these men had got wind of it, and, knowing he must have a very fair cheque, had determined to waylay him, steal his money and share the plunder. The landlord, who was the prime mover in the whole affair, was in desperate straits. Numberless were the complaints laid against him by men who affirmed that they had been robbed in the Tunkilla hotel, and to such a pitch had things come that each day he expected to have the police on the premises. His one chance now was to get enough money wherewith to make good his escape.

Everything had been cunningly worked out. Spreight had been despatched to the station to ascertain particulars, and the poor fellow in the dead-house was purposely kept so as to shield them in their plans. To give less chance of their being detected, they decided to murder Sykes, leaving his body locked up with the madman in the dead-house, and, as the landlord had previously remarked, the whole job would be laid at his (the madman's) door. Then, after securing the plunder, their idea was to make down country as fast as possible, cash the cheque and, with ordinary luck, be far away before the whole purport of the crime should come to light. It must be remembered that at the time of which I write the telegraph, except down in the large centers, was but little known in Australia.

"Well," said the landlord after they laid their burden on the veranda, "Tom's too well known in the district for us to do the job yet. Yer don't know who might come along, and if they found 'im in the dead-house and 'e 'adn't no cheque—well, there ye are! Wait till to-morrow, and then we'll fix it. We'll give 'im one more nobbler afore takin' 'im over, and maybe," he went on with a chuckle, "we shall be saved the trouble of doin' for 'im ourselves."

After forcing the drug down his throat, they dragged him across to the dead-house and opened the door.

"Carry your swag or b'ankets for campin' out. Travelin' lookin' for work."

"Remember!" said the landlord, "whoever gets the paper with a cross marked on it 'as to do the business. Is it agreed?"

The other two merely bowed their assent and without further ado the drawing commenced.

Spreight had the first pick. Slowly, very slowly, he unfolded his paper, fold by fold, and the others bent eagerly over him to see the result.

For this time around he was safe and he almost chuckled as he saw the blank before him.

But so as to give all a fairer chance, some dozen papers had been rolled and it once more came around to his turn.

If there ever was a coward in the world, Spreight was he; and, as with trembling hand he took his second draw, the sweat poured out in great beads on his forehead.

The Sundowner and the landlord patted each other on the back.

"D—n it, old man," said the landlord to Spreight, "anyone would think you was afeared by the look of yer!"

"Yer," went on Sundowner Jack, "yer ain't 'arf a man. If it 'ad fallen to me I'd 'ave 'ad it all finished afore now!"

But Spreight answered never a word. With dread written on every feature of his face he crossed over to the door and went out into the night, leaving the other men jeering at him and laughing over their own good fortune.

Once outside he gained a little more courage, and, pulling a long sheath-knife from his belt, he felt the edge and, seeming satisfied, crossed over to the dead-house.

In his heart he had but little doubt that his job, barring the stealing of the cheques, would already be accomplished for him. It would be extremely unlucky, he thought, that the madman in his present state would allow Sykes to live.

Pulling back the rough bolts he opened the door and looked inside.

His conjectures were shattered at one blow. On the ground at the far end of the hut lay Sykes, while kneeling over him, laughing and muttering, yet showing no signs of violence, was the madman, with the blood all clotting down the side of his face from the wound he had received in the morning. It was a sight most horrible to behold.

The moon had not yet risen, but it was one of those bright starry nights peculiar to Australia, and the light which pierced the great cracks between the slabs was sufficient to show him that Sykes was still living, yet from all appearance in an unconscious condition.

So far the maniac had not looked up, but as Spreight advanced towards him he raised his eyes.

Whether or not he recognized the man who had behaved so brutally towards him in the

High Low Rich Poor

SOLD ONLY IN LEAD PACKETS, BY ALL GROCERS, BLACK OR MIXED

The other man was standing in the far corner with the sweat pouring down his face in streams and, as they thrust Tom Sykes in with him, he crouched down and started his wallings afresh.

"Take that, yer dyin' cur!" said Spreight, picking up a huge hunk of wood and hurling it at him with awful violence. "That ought to quieten yer for a bit and give t'other chap fair play for his money!"

The wood struck the man on the side of the head, causing blood to flow freely from the wound it inflicted. There was a general laugh at this ghastly action—such brutality seemed to tickle their fancies. Then, after a final look around, they bolted the door and went back to the bar to await nightfall.

In case any chance traveler should call and require refreshment, they had the foresight to stow away all the grog except just what they needed for their own use. There would, therefore, be no inducement for such a one to stay. As for themselves, they sat throughout the day drinking and talking over their plans.

Towards evening the horses were got up and tethered ready for their flight some half a mile off the track. This was done so as to offer no suspicion to any person or persons who might pass.

The sun had long disappeared in the west and the little stars were alone left to light up heaven's canopy before they began to prepare for action.

It had been agreed that they should decide by lots as to which man should undertake the job.

But little noise had proceeded from the dead-house since they had left it in the morning. An occasional wild shriek rent the air, but the ravings had entirely ceased. This they took as a good omen, conjecturing that the madman had killed his companion and had since been gloating over the dead body. Cowards as all such men are, they had not the courage to ascertain the truth, leaving it all until such time as necessity compelled one or the other to act alone.

They were sitting in the kitchen—a rough lean-to building at the back of the bar—and the coolabah rafters, black with smoke, grimly looked down upon them as if sharing their thoughts. Save for a few gaudy almanacs hanging on the walls, a home-made table and one or two rickety old chairs, there was no adornment to the place whatsoever.

The landlord was busily engaged carefully rolling up pieces of paper and putting them into his hat preparatory to the drawing, while Spreight and the Sundowner stood by watching him as if their lives depended on it.

At last they were all folded and everything was ready. And the flush lamp on the table threw a fitful light in and about the room, lending a more than usual ghastliness to the place.

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Whether or not he recognized the man who had behaved so brutally towards him in the

Thoroughly Democratic

ALL CLASSES USE

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

morning, I cannot say. At any rate, with one bound he was upon Spreight who, before he had time to call or even guard himself, was utterly overpowered and his knife wrenched from his hand. With long parchment-like fingers, the madman caught him by the throat, shaking him as a dog would a rat.

There was terrific struggling, but Spreight was soon overcome. A horrible gurgling noise and all was at an end. Then, as if nothing had happened, the murderer went back to his care in the corner.

Meanwhile the men in the shanty waited, laughing over their own good fortune and trying to make themselves believe they were the bravest couple on earth.

Twenty minutes went by and no sign of their companion—half an hour and still he did not come. Surely, they thought, by this time he must have finished his work. But he did not return and they went into the veranda calling him by name.

A sudden, awful fear took possession of them. Could he have possibly gone to the nearest station and informed? For they had not forgotten the look of dread on his face when he had left them but half an hour before. Again they called.

As they did so, the great full moon made her appearance above the horizon and pointed with a long silvery arm towards the dead-house. With her aid, they saw only too well that the door was open and knew that their companion, whatever had become of him since, had most assuredly started on his work.

"God 'ave mercy upon us!" exclaimed the landlord, as he thought his own terrible thoughts.

But the only answer to his prayer was a long, piercing laugh, which went out into the night and seemed to tear the very earth.

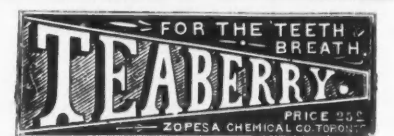
Some supernatural power now took possession of them. They were literally glued to the spot where they stood, and, try as they would, could not move. All they could do was to watch and await their own destruction.

As that awful laugh rang out, the maniac appeared in the doorway of the dead-house and gazed about him. Then, catching sight of the men on the veranda, with a shrill cry of triumph he rushed towards them, waving his hands wildly in the air as he went.

It was a night not to be forgotten. The old legs but standing out on that great treeless plain, with the moon now perhaps a quarter of an hour up, looking over the expanse of open, the two men glued to the veranda and the madman bounding towards them.

On arriving within a few feet of where they stood, he stopped and, with his bloodshot eyes, peered into their faces. It was but for a moment. Then he leaped upon the Sundowner and, picking him up as if he were the merest child, carried him over to the dead-house.

By this time the landlord recovered himself sufficiently to crawl over to the wood-pile. From where he lay he could hear dreadful cries, and he trembled violently as he thought of his own fate should he be discovered. But



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by degrees all grew quiet and with it he gained fresh courage.

"Now's my chance," he said to himself. "If I've only foot enough to reach them 'ores afore 'e comes out again, I shall be all right." Then looking up and noticing the light of the moon, he continued, "D—n that moon! Why the 'ell couldn't she rise an hour later!"

Stealthily making from his hiding-place, he passed at the back of the kitchen towards where he knew the horses to be tethered, and it was not until he had left the buildings some way behind him and was beginning to feel comparatively safe, that he looked around to see whether or not he was being followed.

It would indeed have been well for him had the moon risen according to his wishes, for with her aid, on coming out of his slaughter house, the madman had caught sight of his victim making across the plain and was now in hot pursuit.

On, on, both men rushed, the maniac gaining ground at every step. But at last, utterly exhausted, the landlord reached the horses and had just time to untether the nearest and fling himself into the saddle when his opponent was upon him.

In his turn the madman took the nearest horse and then began a race for life, each man urging on his beast to its utmost speed. Closer and closer they came together and it was now only a matter of a few seconds before the landlord must be overtaken. But all of a sudden, while crossing some rotten country, his horse stumbled and with a crash both beast and rider came to the ground.

In his own diabolical way the maniac laughed, as, pulling up, he dismounted and approached the body. Revenge, however, was not for him. His would-be victim was simply smashed to pieces and his death must have been instantaneous. So, after thoroughly satisfying himself that life was extinct, he remounted and rode slowly back to the hotel.

On reaching his destination, he once more started on his guard over the old swagman; but the filthy dregs under which he had for so long been kept, helped on with the excitement of that day, worked their own ends and before the sun was in the sky next morning this man who, even in his madness had so loyally guarded his fellow in affliction, breathed his last.

The day following the awful events just related, two men, with horror depicted on their countenances, looked in through the open door-way of the dead-house.

"It's no go," one of them is saying, "guess they're all done except poor old Tom Sykes, and somehow I don't reckon 'ell 'anz out much longer. The reason of it all clean knocks me silly. Howsomever, the boss said we was to bury 'em!"

"Yes!" answered his companion, "and the quicker we get about the job the quicker we'll get it done. 'E'll be back 'ere directly with the buggy for old Tom!"

And so the little cemetery on the far side of the track grew still larger.

What became of the landlord, you ask? It was some days before his body was found out on the plain, picked to pieces beyond all recognition by the crows and hawks. At last the three bodies in the dead-house are buried and the station buggy drives up to convey Tom Sykes to Nockamindah.

After hovering for weeks between life and death he eventually recovered, and his savings still being intact he was able to go down country, where he bought a small farm and, as the story books say, lived happily ever afterwards.

When questioned as to how it all happened he cannot recall a thing save that when some distance off the hotel he met a fellow swagman who offered him grog. After he had partaken of it his senses gradually left him, and until he came to himself at Nockamindah station he can remember nothing.

The old hotel buildings still stand, but years have passed since they were last inhabited and now the white ants are left as sole occupants to work their own destruction and stamp out for ever the scene of the Tunkilla tragedy.

[THE END.]

Books and Authors.

A Visit Paid to the Places Hallowed by Memories of Washington Irving

"THE great charm of Irving's writings," said Mr. Silverthorne, closing the Sketch Book, "is the quiet, dreamy, yet realistic descriptions he gives of places and people."

We have bowed so long to our national god, 'Hustle,' that we have become its slaves and are daily constrained to pay homage at its shrine. But in opening one of Irving's books the ease and hurry of this *fin de siècle* age is forgotten and we are transported to the scene of quiet, witching beauty. The part I like the best in *Rio Van Winkle* is where he describes Nicholas Vedder as sitting from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. That is what I call an ideal existence, so different from our busy, careworn life. I think it would be a wise thing for some of us poor, over-worked mortals to spend the rest of our days in learning how to be philosophically lazy. Yes, we certainly owe a great deal to the pioneer of American literature who left us such tranquil, sunshiny pictures and invested the American landscape with the charm of imagination and tradition."

I think it was the above eulogy which decided us girls to visit the scenes that Washington Irving has immortalized. His house at Irvington was our first attraction.

We opened the gate at Sunnyside and before us stood the house to which a world-renowned author retired after an eventful career abroad. The author's library is just as he left it when at last the call came. From the quiet seclusion of this quiet spot his greatest writings went to enrich the literature of the land.

As we looked at Ivy-clad Sunnyside peeping out from the bower of trees and flowers and vines upon the blue waters of the Hudson, girl with the everlasting hills which he loved, it was no longer a wonder that he turned from

the matchless splendor of the Spanish Court to his cottage on the Tappan Zee.

"Cottage" he always called it, though long years before his death it had out-grown that modest appellation. It now stands a picturesque country seat, towering above all its neighbors in majesty, because it is ever enveloped with that reverent sanctity which we accord to genius and which was pre-eminently the portion of the "Story King of the Hudson."

We wished to see Sleepy Hollow also, though we doubted not that it would be changed beyond recognition as we knew it in the Sketch Book.

The conductor on the train advised us to get off at Tower Hill, which we accordingly did. On the other side of the big stone tower we came to the house in which Major Andre slept the night before his capture. It is in a good state of preservation. Flowers bloomed around it, but notwithstanding there was a lonely, almost dreary, air about the place. The dreariness seemed greater when two little children



Washington Irving.

appeared for a moment at the doorway of the coach-house, then scampered away and hid in the loft as if appalled at the sight of strangers. Seeing this rookery made us think that we must be in the very shades of the "drowsy valley." In that, however, we were mistaken.

"What part of Sleepy Hollow do you want?" he asked. "The valley is sixteen miles long."

"We want to see the part where Brom Bones figured so prominently; the part that is famed the world over; the part," I exclaimed, seeing the look of blank astonishment, "that Washington Irving wrote about."

"Washington Irving," he said slowly. "I

A Step From Insanity

Nervous System Completely Broken Down

NO SLEEP! NO APPETITE!

Reduced to a Skeleton

Paine's Celery Compound Saves the Life of a Postmaster

Postmaster P. J. Kilbride of Inverness, P. E. I., owes his life and present good health to the life-giving powers of Paine's Celery Compound.

Some months ago disease had so preyed upon Mr. Kilbride's body that insanity was feared. His nervous system was shattered and broken; he was a stranger to sleep and rest, and his appetite was lost. Suffering had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and those around him, knowing that medical skill had failed, were expecting him to die.

Friends who had used Paine's Celery Compound urged Mr. Kilbride to give it a trial. The suggestion was a happy one for the afflicted man. The wonderful medicine soon proved able to cope with the disease. Five bottles of Paine's Celery Compound raised Mr. Kilbride to such a condition of health that enabled him to say, "I feel myself a new man."

We give Mr. Kilbride's letter in full. It graphically sets forth his struggles with, and his triumph over disease and death:

"I now write you about Paine's Celery Compound, having just finished the fifth bottle. It is impossible for me to say sufficient, or find words strong enough to praise Paine's Celery Compound as I ought."

"To day I feel myself a new man. Six months ago I was on the brink of insanity; my nervous system was completely broken down; I could not sleep more than one or two hours at night, and often did not sleep for four nights in succession. Oh! I never can describe the agony I suffered. I was almost reduced to a skeleton; could only work an hour, when I was so fatigued I would be obliged to lie down and rest before I could resume work."

"The use of your Compound has given me rest and sweet sleep, and I can now work all day. To tell the honest, candid truth I have not felt so well for fourteen years. When I commenced taking Paine's Celery Compound my weight was 144 pounds; now I weigh 168 pounds. I am gaining in flesh every day; my friends are all surprised at my wonderful cure and changed appearance. Oh! if I had only known of this life-saving remedy years ago, I would have escaped many days and nights of terrible pain and agony. Thank God the terrible times have passed, I hope never to return. How I wish I could reach the ear of every man in Canada—those who are suffering as I once suffered! How I would plead with them—yes, on my knees I would ask them to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial and I feel confident that they would bless me afterwards for my recommendation."

"Young men, take my truthful and candid advice; if you are suffering from a broken-down nervous system, use Paine's Celery Compound; it will thoroughly restore you physically and otherwise."

"I am now in perfect health through no other agency than Paine's Celery Compound. You may use these statements as you choose."

don't know him; perhaps someone in the village can tell you of him."

Our success in the village (the name of which I forget) was little better.

"It must be the Sleepy Hollow village they want," said one man to another, "though I never heard of no one writing 'anything' about it. Just follow that road and it will bring you to it."

But we found there were two roads, so asked a shop keeper which was the right one.

"Bless my heart, child!" he exclaimed. "You have had a long walk for nothing. You took the wrong road from Tower Hill, and you are still two miles from the Sleepy Hollow village. Black clouds are coming up and you had better take the train home and come back another day."

"But I can't," I cried. "I go to Canada tomorrow." It was extremely disappointing. I remembered when a child, away up in my Canadian home, throwing aside a dry arithmetic for the more interesting adventures of Ichabod Crane, and thinking that perhaps some time I too might tread the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, and now, when within its very shadow, we were to "face about" and take the train back to New York, for how could I ask the girls to go on with those lowering clouds overhead? They declared, however, that they didn't mind a little shower, and we were just about to start when the shop keeper came running up, accompanied by a gentleman.

"Allow me to introduce Colonel —. He is acquainted with every spot in this locality."

Our anxiety vanished immediately when he offered to accompany us. His gardener would overtake us with a light wagon, as he had sent him on an errand.

The colonel beguiled our walk with incidents of the war in which he had figured, and many superstitious tales which the inhabitants believed.

"But you must put down your umbrella," he said to me as I raised it to protect myself from the large drops which had begun to fall. "We are now entering the enchanted region and your umbrella will spoil the view."

The road wound down among the hills. With every step our feet sank into rich black soil. The trees almost met overhead, while in the dome of sombre gray above, the clouds formed themselves into fantastic shapes, and the lightning, like strips of golden ribbon, flattered out in the darkness. An oppressive silence reigned, broken at last by the rumble of wheels which announced the approach of our chariot.

We were driven to the old mill, the place where Washington Irving met the Indian who told him the legend which years afterwards was woven into a tale. The mill-wheel on which the Indian sat is still shown. It is probable that the recital of those legends in that old mill down in the valley had a "more witching effect on his boyish imagination" than he afterwards experienced when exploring the Chamber of Dionysus, or listening to the traditions of Prince Dolgrouki and the dreamy, enchanting beauty of the Alhambra.

And now the storm had come upon us indeed. The rain fell in torrents. The wind howled dimly and shook the loose boards on the dilapidated old mill. The Colonel quoted something appropriate to the occasion, but it failed to raise our spirits.

When the storm had somewhat abated we proceeded on our way, leaving our white-haired guide on the bridge, when Ichabod encountered the headless horseman.

Verily, Irving was right when he said of Sleepy Hollow and other villages of that kind, "They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor undisturbed by the rush of the passing current." For his description of the village written seventy-five years ago applies to-day.

In truth "it is one of the quietest places in the whole world." A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail or the tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere. How it has escaped the influence of the great metropolis twenty-six miles away is a marvel.

The gardener had injunctions to drive us up the hill from Tarrytown to the cemetery where Irving is buried, but finding that our time was limited he drove us instead directly to the station.

We were very quiet as the train rushed along on our homeward trip. I think we were very tired. For myself I was content to lie back in the seat and watch in silence all the beauties as we passed. The sun shone out brightly again a last good night, and as if to compensate us for our ducking, upon a rainbow from the mist of the ancient river. The towns along the Hudson lay sleeping in the sunset; the palisades were softened away in the distance by the gloom. The shadows grew longer and longer till Spuyten Dayville came in sight and the city was at hand.

STELLA EUGENIE ASLING.

Toronto, Dec. 10.

The *Canadian Magazine* for December is the best number so far issued, not only in matter but in artistic respects. Mr. R. Holmes gives us an article on the Toronto Art Students' League which is elaborately illustrated by drawings and pictures selected from the work of members of that body. An article on The Thousand Islands is also capital, illustrated, of which Mr. Frederick W. Falls is writer and artist. George Stewart writes very entertainingly of Henry David Thoreau, and James Cleland Hamilton gives us a capital paper entitled John Brown in Canada, which is timely owing to Hinton's capital volume John Brown and His Men being recently issued. Charles Gordon Rogers has a good thing on a duck-hunting expedition.

For magazines to be furnished with uncut leaves is always most exasperating to American readers. The British public seems to regard this as a luxury and American objections to it, captious. Heretofore I have always considered that the sole reason for sending out magazines uncut was to save the cost of using the cutting machine in the binderies—a somewhat inadequate



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quate reason, to be sure, in view of the enormous expenditures of the latter-day magazine. A friend, however, tells me that he understands that the magazines are uncut in order to leave fashionable young ladies their chief occupation. He says in the fashionable novel Evelyn is always discovered "reclining in her chair, leisurely cutting the leaves of the latest magazine." Were she deprived of this form of exercise she would no doubt fall into a decline. She is never found reading a magazine. Fashionably speaking, magazines are not made to be read, but simply to have their leaves cut. Anyone who can patiently perform this task has in her certain of the qualities of a heroine, and to any such person I would gladly exchange uncut magazines for cut ones. Here is a chance for any young lady who likes to have her friends find her engaged in some intellectual pastime, yet who finds reading somewhat beyond her.

Archibald Lampman has a poem in *Scribner's* for December entitled *The Woodcutter's Hut*. It is sympathetically illustrated by Frank French.

Miss Echelewyn Wethereld has, I am pleased to notice, a clever bit of verse, *To the October Wind*, in the November *New England*.

Mr. Charles Gordon Rogers is coming to the front in the magazines. He has a capital poem entitled *Nat Narrows's Christmas* in the Christmas Number of the *New England*, occupying nearly four pages. He also figures in *Once A Week*, and *The Canadian Magazine* as mentioned above.

J.R. WYE.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ELIAS.—What you enclosed isn't a coupon. Can't you read, my dear?

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. VIII TORONTO, DEC. 15, 1894. No. 4

And Lost His Good Name.

IT IS with feelings of natural pride that we announce our new serial story for next week, entitled *And Lost His Good Name*. This story is from the pen of Angus Evan Abbott of London, England. This author, whose real name is James Barr, a younger brother of Robert Barr (Luke Sharp) of *The Idler*, is rapidly making a place for himself in London. He is a Canadian by birth, and is naturally anxious that this, his best story, should meet with a good reception in Canada.

This story as it will appear in SATURDAY NIGHT, beginning next week, will be the most artistically illustrated story ever published in a Canadian newspaper. Every chapter is illustrated with fine large wash drawings, made by the half-tone process. These illustrations are from the brushes of Miss Devine and Mr. J. A. Christie of London, and next week the public can judge whether we are speaking in too high praise of them. This interesting and superlatively illustrated story is costing the Sheppard Publishing Co. (LTD.) a lot of money, but the company has already learned that the Canadian public appreciates a high-class weekly newspaper.

At this time a few words about Angus Evan Abbott (Mr. James Barr) may not be amiss. He was recently waited upon by Hal Berte, one of London's humorous interviewers, and author of *Lyrical Lyrics*, etc. When he decided to interview James Barr he says: "I made a bee line for Bedford Park, W., where he is permitted to exist, and accused him of having a life and said I had come to take it." Then he goes on:

"James Angus Evan Abbott Barr early in the sixties was born in Wallacetown, Ontario, Canada, a village whose chief industry was to supply fire-water to the wild Highlandmen of the surrounding woods. When six weeks or six months, he does not know which, old, he removed to a bush farm in Orford township, and from this exodus dates the downfall of Wallacetown, which is now practically non-existent as an intellectual center. On the Orford farm he was 'raised,' his summers being spent chiefly in picking splinters out of his feet and nursing stone-bruises, and his winters in eating salt pork and trying to locate, through snowstorms, the black school house that used to stand on a hill some miles from the farm. By the time he was sixteen years old he had assisted his father to bring the farm to such a high state of cultivation that it had to be sold and his parents removed to Windsor, Ontario, where, after a spell of illness that helped him to pass about two years in the idleness that is his delight, he took to what is called journalism, and for a time, under his editorship the *Record* of Windsor happened out at uncertain periods, once a week, and finally twice. By careful attention to business he managed to lose considerable of other folks' money and his own time, and joining the *Detroit Free Press*, London edition. For some reason or other he is considered an authority on American and Canadian humor, and has edited the volume of *American Humorous Verse* for the *Canterbury Series of Poets* and the *American volume* for the *International Series of Humors*.

"Angus Evan Abbott writes tales for many of the English magazines, mostly yarns of the olden time—of highwaymen and so on, all of them humorous. He says there are only two places in the world where life is worth living, and those are this village (London) and the Highland settlement in Danwich township, Elgin county, Ontario, wherever that may be.

"If I am allowed to add my own views to this imperfect sketch, I should like to hazard the opinion that Jim Angus Barr Evan Abbott will yet be found among the writers of fiction whom the old country and the new will one day vie with each other in their efforts to honor."

The Drama.

WANG is a charming ruler and if all the regents, kings and emperors of the world were as entertaining as he, anyone who advocated the overthrow of hereditary rulers would be hanged on sight by the first mob that set eyes on him. I always preferred Wang to his snip of a nephew, Mataya, the Crown Prince of Siam, even where Della Fox portrayed the role. The youngster is not to be compared with his uncle. He looks as though he needs a good spanking more than he does a throne and crown, whereas Wang must have his pomp and his elephant. If the finances of the kingdom were to become flash, we can imagine Wang giving Siam a very good time, but under no circumstances can we conceive of Mataya doing justice to his position. He is just the nippy that would give his throne to his uncle or anybody else who happened along, and when I first saw this absurd comic opera, I had hopes that the delightfully absurd Wang would rattle-dazzle his ineffectual nephew out of the crown. And he did it. Wang, sir, has genius as a ruler, and is a credit to Siam.

Albert Hart handles the part well and Miss

Virginia Earl makes a good Crown Prince, but when we measure them with De Wolf Hopper and Della Fox, they fall very far short. In their singing they do not show to disadvantage, but in humor their work is deficient. We miss Hopper's conversational voice, with its changing scale, and we miss the spontaneous mirth that belongs to Della Fox and is lacking in every imitation of her. The shadow is not the substance, nor is a photo the original. Mr. Hart would be deemed an ideal Wang were he not treading a path beaten smooth for him by another, and notwithstanding this he deserves unqualified praise for his work. It is said that he is a Montreal man, and I believe that Miss Josephine Stanton, the pretty Giltete, is a Toronto girl. The piece is as expensively staged as ever, and during its three nights' stay drew highly pleased crowds to the Grand.

It is made plain this week at the Toronto Opera House that it is a risky thing to attempt to produce, before a certain portion of the public, a melodrama that lacks the customary hissing villain, ranting hero, and saucy, goose-brained heroine. The *Two Sisters* is not as strong a play as *The Old Homestead*, but in its creation the same idea of presenting an ordinary tale of ordinary life in a rational way, was acted upon. The characters in it are the people of real life, but it seems that the denizens of the pea-nut gallery prefer the unreal race of people upon whom they usually look down from their lofty perch. They like to see the five-foot hero brace up against the six-foot villain and say, "I will burr-reak every bone in your vile body." They love all sorts of rot those who dwell away up in the top gallery. They are a queer group of youths—the Mikes, Ikes and Jacks in the top gallery. Those who wear shirts take their coats off at the end of the first act, roll up their sleeves and get ready to bathe in the gore that will be shed in acts two and three. Others—let us not probe the cause—keep their overcoats buttoned up to their chins no matter how hot the place may become. But my, they know a good thing when they see it! Witness how they always recall the worst actor in the company, or the worst singer, and make him do his turn three or four times. See how quickly they recognize and hiss the villain, although he at first gives no signs of villainy save that he looks unnecessarily clean. Perhaps he wears a silk hat, which they take as a candid admission of rascality. The top gallery knows all that can be known about plays, and the two lower floors are only in existence to support the pillars that hold the top gallery in place.

In the play at the Toronto Opera House this week it is necessary for Martha Howard to seem to have a sick baby in her arms. There is a struggle and the child is supposed to die and then mother and child fall upon the floor. Away up in the roost the discovery seemed to be made Monday night that this was not a real baby that was being pulled at and banged about, and they derided the counterfeit and felt that they were being swindled. What they wanted was to see a real child, sick and maltreated unto death. Their ideal seems to include the most complete realism of stage effects with the most outrageous artificiality of speech, and the play-maker who will get up a play containing a saw-mill scene and engage an actor with two wooden legs to act as hero and allow himself to be tied up by the villain and have his legs sawed off once per evening—that will charm the gallery-goers of America as no other bit of art has yet done.

On Tuesday night our delightful friends, Mike, Ike and Jack, again got in some of their fine work. They seem bound to make the actors in *The Two Sisters* alter their play until it corresponds in rapidity of action and bloodiness of motive, with a dime novel. They hissed a bass singer, the equal of whom they have not heard for a year, which shows how absolutely Mike, Ike and Jack enjoy their own ignorance of music and everything else.

John Barker in his make-up as Sile Sniffin bears quite a resemblance to Hon. Edward Blake and to the intellectual editor of the *Canadian Magazine*. If you want to see Moses Oates doing a hoe-down or Hon. Edward playing the bones look in at the Toronto to-day.

The Rev. Joseph Cook, the great lecturer and thinker, will appear in the People's Course of lectures that are running Saturday evenings in Massey Music Hall. This im-



Rev. Joseph Cook.

portant number in the series will take place on Saturday evening, December 22. The subject of the lecture will be *The Seven Wonders*. This is a capital subject, and one upon which the general public would like to hear him speak. That he is one of the greatest students of social questions, and one of the hardest hitters in America, it is unnecessary to say. This People's Course of lectures brings first-class men here, and only charges the smallest possible rate of admission, and those who so freely criticize the management of Massey Music Hall for running attractions at one

dollar per seat should be silent until they have encouraged this People's Course.

To-night's number in the People's Course will be contributed by Mr. Frank Lincoln, who is considered America's greatest platform humorist. He has made a tour of the world occupying five years and scored a success in every country visited. He appeared in the Pavilion last year, when admission was set at one dollar, and now he comes to Massey Hall at popular prices, which shows that the hall is doing something for the masses. Of course if the masses do not want first-class entertainments at cheap prices, but prefer to sit at home and criticize their benefactors and write scolding letters to the press without knowing anything about the matter in hand, nothing can be done. Massey Hall is in the hands of the public and if the people attend those capital entertainments where low admissions are charged, such as the night with Frank Lincoln, the lectures by Rev. Joseph Cook and Mr. Robert Cuthbert, then they will cause low prices to be the rule. Mr. Massey has given the people a splendid hall; it remains only for them to enter upon their possession.

Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., will contribute the third number to the regular Massey Music Hall Lecture Course on Monday evening, Dec. 17. Dr. Henson is pastor of the First Baptist church of Chicago, and is a very witty and eloquent speaker. He will give us a talk on *Fools*. Unfortunately the affair is likely to prove more amusing than beneficial for no fool will be present, the very fact of one's attending so profitable and charming a lecture being proof of his wisdom. But the other fellows will catch it, and wise people will be there to applaud.

The great mass of the theater-going people should turn out and fill Massey Music Hall on the evening of Thursday, December 27, when Mr. Robert Cuthbert of Montreal will deliver *A Lay Sermon on the Moral and Intellectual Influence of the Theater, or Two Hours with Shakespeare and Kindred Spirits in the Drama of Life*. Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity will officiate as chairman and many prominent citizens will occupy seats on the platform. Mr. Robert Cuthbert is well known as a deep student of Shakespeare and as one well versed in the philosophy of life. The theater is so constantly attacked by those who scarce profess to have an acquaintance with it, that those who attend theaters should rally round a man who is competent to defend the drama. Cheap prices will rule (25 and 50 cents) so that all may come, and the affair be a people's lecture.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser was greatly disappointed last Saturday evening to receive a telegram from the agent of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas, stating that owing to that gentleman's illness his lecture engagement here for Thursday evening, December 12, would have to be cancelled. Ingalls is an able man, and his lecture on *Anarchy and Plutocracy* would have greatly interested the Toronto public.

Chauncey Olcott, who is now one of the most successful of stars, will make his appearance before a Toronto audience before the season is over. We saw him here a season or two ago and admired his voice but found him deficient in acting, but he has made great strides of late. He is spoken of as the representative of young Irish romantic comedy, with a personality that is pleasing; he not only wins but captivates his audience. He is possessed of a remarkably sweet and highly cultivated tenor voice, and the singing of his own songs introduced in his plays never fails to charm his hearers. Three years ago Mr. Olcott went to London, where he soon became a great favorite and received the highest encomium of praise from the English press.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

BY A. W. WILKINS.

Oh yes, I confess that I did go to view
The Pictures Alive and the Beauty Show too,
And when by my conscience and parson reproved,
The dear, good old parson by me so beloved,
By force of good habit myself I betook
To that unflinching plot, the old Sacred Book.
And there to my comfort and solace I found,
On sweet consolation, this precious sound,
First chapter, first volume, in the first book 'tis shown,
"So man O God created in image His own."
"In the image of God created He him,"
"The male and the female created He them."
Concluded Suffice, my conscience is free,
The parson, good parson, must satisfied be.
I'll look at the image whenever I can,
And if I did less I'd be less of a man,
And the more perfect the image I view
The more frequent and longer my peeps at it too.

Rob Roy, the opera by Smith and De Koven, in which Torontonians feel a peculiar interest, owing to its having spent the second week of its public existence at the Grand, is doing well in New York. It played to a ten thousand dollar business last week in the Herald Square Theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear at the Grand Monday night in Sydney Grundy's comedy, *A White Lie*, which has made such a stir in all directions. These prominent English actors can always call out a full house in Toronto. Pinero's much discussed *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* will be put on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

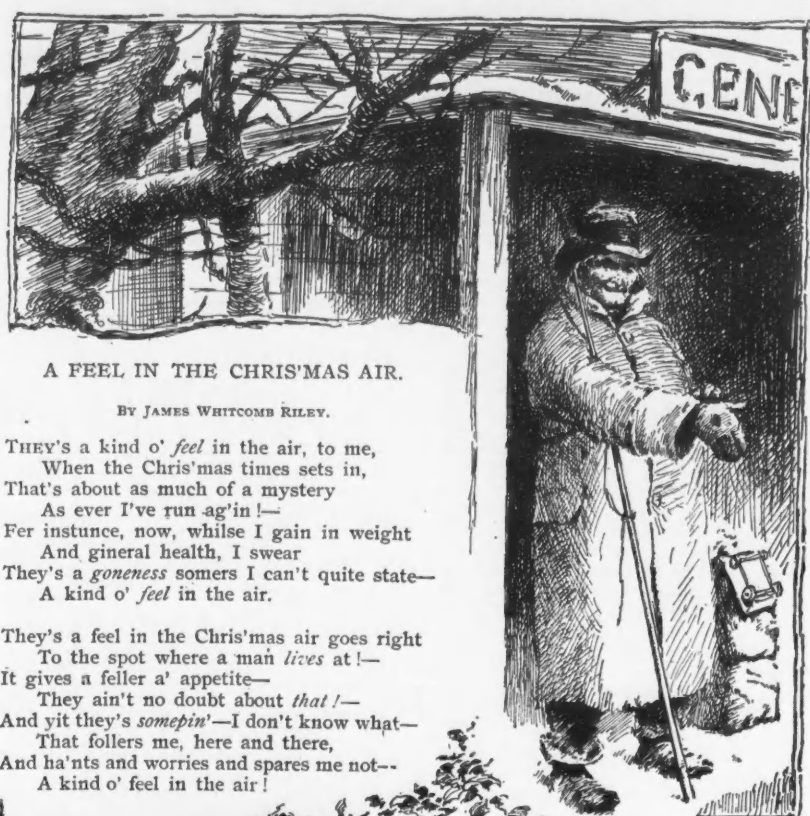
The Trinity University Dramatic Club has secured the Academy of Music for February 14, 15 and 16, and will produce *The Magistrate*, the three-act farcical comedy by A. W. Pinero. Mr. Martin Cleworth has been engaged for the entire management.

Carleton's Opera Company, headed by W. T. Carleton, is acceptably filling in the latter half of the week with comic opera.

The South Before the War, a play of Southern home life, will run at the Toronto Opera House next week.

During Christmas week a real English Christmas pantomime will run at the Academy of Music.

"I have called," said the captious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the new year as a nude small boy." "That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."



A FEEL IN THE CHRIS'MAS AIR.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THEY'S a kind o' feel in the air, to me,
When the Chris'mas times sets in,
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I've run ag'in'—
For instance, now, whilst I gain in weight
And general health, I swear
They's a *goneness* somers I can't quite state—
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right
To the spot where a man *lives* at—
It gives a feller a appetite—
They ain't no doubt about that!—
And yit they's somepin'—I don't know what—
That follers me, here and there,
And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—
A kind o' feel in the air!



They's a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest
As blame-don sad as sweet!—
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best
And am spryest on my feet,
They's allus a kind o' sort of a ache
That I can't lo-cate no-where;—
Bu it comes with *Chris'mas*, and no mistake!—
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?
W'y, no!—God bless 'em!—*no!*
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze—
Like my own wuz, long ago?—
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
O' the little toy-drum and blare
O' the horn?—*No!*—It is jest the sweet—
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

From the *Cosmopolitan*.

Somewhat Vain.

In the lecture-room, the late Dr. McCosh, for many years president of Princeton College, objected to interruptions, but during the course of his lectures, when the names of Kant, Leibnitz, Plato, and the great philosophers would be mentioned by him, the undergraduates would commence to call: "McCosh!" "Jimmy McCosh!" He would pause, and, with a half-proud, half-deprecatory air, say: "Thank you, gentlemen, thank you." The doctor was something of an egotist. In one of his philosophical works, several pages are consumed in proving a conclusion to a mental problem. The doctor printed a foot note at the bottom of the page, stating that after he had reached the conclusion he found that Plato had come to the same deduction two thousand years before him. Showing a distinguished visitor through the college buildings, as they passed the busts of the former presidents he named each one, with a slight comment on his character and ability. When he came to the last one he said curtly, "And that's meself." For several years Dr. McCosh had but one speech, which he delivered on all occasions. It enumerated the number of missionaries, preachers and teachers whom he was partly instrumental in sending out into the world. He never paid any attention to the other professions. Once, when a distinguished lecturer was delivering a lecture in Princeton, the audience applauded some point he had made. The doctor took the applause to himself, and arising in the midst of the large audience, made the speech. The applause was deafening when he closed. In the old chapel, one morning, he prayed for the President of the United States and Congress. He asked for blessings on the governor of the State and the New Jersey Legislature. Next he prayed for the trustees, the president of the college, and so on down, from the seniors to the freshmen, and lastly he prayed for the tutors. A roar of laughter greeted the final petition. A tutor was an abused and derided man in the old days. Mrs. McCosh was very much opposed to his walking in the winter when the streets were icy. One day he slipped down in front of the house, and glanced up to see that Mrs. McCosh was looking out of the window. "That's the second time," he said, loudly enough to be heard by a passer-by, "but I'll tell her it's the first."

"Farewell, My Carcassone!"

A strange duel was recently fought in the French town of Carcassone. A civil functionary and a merchant came into collision at their club, and decided to have it out. Pistols were the weapons agreed upon, but only one of the pair was to be loaded. The antagonists were to draw lots and take their stand at a distance of five paces from each other. The duel came off at the time appointed. The champions drew their lots and raised their pistols. Fire! The civil functionary was hit on his shirtfront with a bit of wadding saturated with some red fluid. He sank to the ground, exclaiming: "I die! Farewell, my Carcassone!"

On recovering consciousness, and being informed of the joke, he flew into a terrible passion, and we may expect to hear shortly that hostilities have been renewed—in earnest this time.—*Handelsbladen.*

A New Conundrum.

"What was the difference," asks Miss Ada Sweet, "between William Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth?" You think a while and then you say, "I give it up, what was the difference between William Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth?" Then Miss Sweet answers, "Shakespeare was a won-der, and Elizabeth was a Tu-dor!"

The Plait of the "New Woman"

For Saturday Night.
When I think of my own priceless worth, and of my wondrous mind,
I feel contempt, deep and profound, for nearly all mankind,
And that poor feeble creature of a woman who contrives
To tolerate a husband, and still to please him strives.
When I see those dull cow-women who will not understand
The gospel as expounded by Madame Sarah Grand,
To talk to women of culture and of progress is in vain,
It shrivels up my high-strung soul, and gives me quite a pain!
I feel all sorts of yearnings, quite vague and undefined,
(The certain indication of a most superior mind).
I don't know just what I do want (which is another sign
That I possess a nature which is almost divine).
My husband is an ugly brute, and I should like to see
His funeral procession "wind slowly o'er the sea."
Then I should feel quite free from care and follow at my ease.
My present inclination "to do as I blame please."
I met a gentleman one day, whom I could plainly see
Was adapted to my nature, and therefore meant for me.
I had it all mapped out so well, and all so richly planned,
With him to leave this hum-drum hole for some romantic land;
When on some summer island, on banks of flowers we'd lie,
And watch the palm leaves pencilled 'gainst the soft, deep,
sapphire sky.
But O! how my abysmal soul was plunged in direct woe
When I broached the project to him and the brute refused to go.
I'm going out to lecture when my novel I get done—
The cleverest thing that ever has been penned by anyone,
About love and brutes of husbands and nice "recondite things,"
Which will teach down-trodden woman to flip her angel wings.
And when I get a hearing and just make up my mind
What I and my dear sisters want, I think the earth will find
That a sort of nameless glory over everything will be,
When all the world at last has learned to kneel and worship me.
ROSEMARY GORSLAY.

An Angel.

For Saturday Night.
A gentle eye,
Of deepest blue
Like violets
Just kissed by dew.
A slender form,
More fair and grand
Than e'er was wrought
'Neath sculptor's hand.
A snow-white brow
Of finest mould,
A wealth of hair
Like gleaming gold.
A pale sweet face,
A heavenly smile,
No rose so fair,
And free from guile.
JEAN HANSON.

Two Ghosts.

Dear, can the day have come so soon?
Is you dim light the dawn?
Say 'tis a glimpse of the palled moon
Through the curtains closely drawn.
More wine! more lights! let the music chime
Let the dance again begin,
With song, with kiss, keep back the time
When day and the ghosts come in.
For there in the dawn are spectres twain,
That will not be charmed away;
The ghosts of two in the night time slain,
That only walk by day.
A fair white girl and a man with her,
Like a murdered king and queen;
Is it only the woman that once you were,
And the man that I might have been.
—From the *Sydney Bulletin*.

Judge—Please describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner. Witness—I don't know how ter do it, yer honor. "Can't describe him? Did he look like any of these lawyers? Did he look like me?" "No, yer honor. He looked like an intelligent gentleman."

Between You and Me.

UHOSE esteem would you rather have if you could choose? Putting husbands and wives and other relatives out of the running, I should choose that of the other fellow's mother. Mothers are little-cattle, when their boys are concerned, and the woman who knows the boy and also knows his mother should be proud when the mother esteems her. For, mark you the mother has the tenderest, purest, most unselfish feeling possible on earth for her boy, no matter how he tries her patience or her love, and she won't look twice kindly at any woman, on his account, unless she trusts her to have something approaching the same sentiments. Therefore if you have the friendship of the boy and his mother knows it, be very proud if she gives you hers also. Daughters are another matter. The mother knows that you have not much chance to influence them in the way of interference with her. If she is a good mother, and knows you for a decent sort of woman, sensible and self-respecting, she is quite happy that you should advise or curb or uphold her daughters, and that they should confide in you. But her son! *La-la, c'est autre chose!* All her mistrust of women in the abstract begins to circle round the woman quoted by her son, and to concrete into a wall between you and her. In nine cases out of ten her son has no better sense than to bring you up as an authority on all occasions. The mother feels that bitter little pinprick of jealousy which is set to rhyme. "My son is my son, till he gets him a wife." I had really rather face a Woman's Rights Convention than be marched up to be introduced to the other fellow's mother. But, some precious time she forgets to mistrust, and ends by loving you, and all is well!

A man accused me last week of condemning the advanced bicycle dress. "Just wait a year," he said warmly, "and there won't be a skirt worn by a lady cyclist." "Must I then die or sell my wheel before the year is out?" I mildly enquired. "You won't wear a skirt," he prophesied. Talking of skirts, doesn't it make you bicycle woman, who dress properly, use great big D's to see how some females dare to ride down town? Mr. Gay has come home today with an appalling story of a person in wind tossed skirt and scarlet—I really blush the same color—knickerbockers, who careered wildly down Church street, to the awe and delight of women and men. And the friend to whom he confided his tale of scarlet capped it with one of white, and I threatened to leave the room, though I know the tales were told as a sort of left-handed compliment to my own discreet garments. If there be a bicycle woman who reads this column let me assure her with all the earnestness of which I am capable to consider the feelings of the passers-by, of the 'cycling sisterhood and of all propriety loving folks besides, and wear black or navy blue clear through. I am thinking of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Allshine who, when shipwrecked, put on "black stockings for sharks," and I hope those who have exhibited other colors will adopt "black knickers for bicycles."

I have got a good story, *apropos* of the unending succession of afternoon receptions. At one of such affairs the footman or man in waiting was announcing the guests. Two sisters arrived. "What name?" "Miss Cocker." "I," whispered the second, "am Miss Cocker, too." "Miss Cocker—Miss Cockatoo," shouted the faithful footman.

Women are queer beings! Why on earth should they always offer to pay for one another on a street car, and scramble for their purses, and insist and dare the conductor to take fares from either? The other day two of such silly pates were in a car. The usual scene began. The conductor is a grumpy old body who hasn't an ounce of patience about him. "Fight it out," he growled; "I'll be back again," and out he walked and left them looking very foolish. Presently they began to grow angry. "We really ought to report him; he is awfully impertinent," said the woman who had put up her pocket-book. "I don't believe we need to pay at all. I've a good mind to refuse to," said the other, pocketing hers. Just then he came back and each one meekly gave him a ticket. I don't believe they will be such fools again in a hurry!

We were coming round the Belt Line, a car load of women, here and there a man, when the transfers from the depot climbed into the car. A man with a grip and a tired face flopped into a place beside me. A pretty little woman with a lovely little girl was opposite. She bent forward with a word of pleased surprise, only a telephonic "Hallo!" but a hallo beatified and idealized. Promptly back came his answer "hallo," and he squeezed himself into a seat beside her, and lifted the small sleepy girl on his knee. She woke up, her drowsy eyes widened, her lovely red lips opened in a gasp of astonishment. She giggled up and looked her arms round his neck. "My pappie, old pappie," she exclaimed, and kissed his eyes and nose and mouth. I never saw a man change so quickly. All the tired look was gone in an instant, little self-conscious smirks and knowing glances at the passengers, and winks at the little mother chased the kisses over his beaming face. And the small girl knelt on him and pulled his moustaches up and kissed under them, and snuggled her sweet face in his neck, and gurgled, "Oh pappie, old pappie," and sat back on her heels and laughed at him, and was so evidently rejoiced over his appearance that the whole car-full smiled. And by and by she settled herself in his arms with a sigh of happy content, and while he answered his little wife's questions and asked more, in the blase, careless, off-hand manner that is proper from a man of business to a smiling, chattering little woman, his eyes were on the flower like face of the child, and his fingers were twined in and out of her maze of ringlets, and it seemed to me that such a love for such a daughter would make any man good!

LADY GAY.

Miss Budd—Do you believe in long courtships, Mr. Benedick? Mr. Benedick—I don't believe in more than six or eight hours at a session.

Music.

The first quarterly concert for this season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was given on Monday evening last in Association Hall by the pupils of the institution. Despite very disagreeable weather a large audience crowded into the hall and remained to the close of a very interesting and enjoyable programme. The following pupils took part: Organ—Miss Jessie Perry, Mary Hamilton and Edith C. Miller. Piano—Misses Abbie Helmer, Laura Eschelman, Edith Myers, Ida C. Hughes and Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman. Vocal—Misses Marie Wheeler, Emily Robinson, Dora L. McMurtry, Amy Barrett, Alice Forham, Eldred McDonald and Master Percy Hamby. Master Willie Anderson contributed a violin solo and a recitation was admirably rendered by Miss Mary Gunn, who is rapidly coming into public notice as one of our most promising young elocutionists. During the evening diplomas and gold medals were presented by Hon. G. W. Allan to successful pupils in different departments of conservatory work.

The Galt Philharmonic Society, Mr. Walter Robinson of Toronto, conductor, gave a very successful concert in the Town Hall, Galt, on Tuesday evening. The society rendered Anderson's Cantata, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, Be Not Afraid, from Elijah; With Sheathed Swords, from Naaman, and several unaccompanied part songs. These were all given in a manner which added fresh luster to the record of this prosperous and energetic organization. An orchestra of twenty-five pieces assisted, and the soloists were: Mr. Fred W. Lee, baritone; Miss Mabel Langstaff, soprano; Mr. Walter Robinson and Mr. Adam Dockray, tenors, all of Toronto, and Mr. W. F. Robinson of Hamilton, clarinet soloist. Miss Elmslie of Galt, acted as accompanist during the evening. The chorus of the society this season numbers one hundred and thirty voices drawn from Galt and Hespeler.

Cowen's beautiful cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, will be presented on Thursday evening next in Association Hall, by the Galt Choral Club, under the direction of Mr. H. W. Webster. The soloists are: Miss Marie Kimberly, soprano; Miss C. Cawley, contralto; Mr. George S. Forsyth, tenor; Mr. R. C. Donald, baritone; Miss Minnie Topping and Miss Ida Hughes, piano soloists, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist. Plans open at Nordheimer's on Tuesday next.

The date of the first concert for the season of the Toronto Male Chorus Club Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, conductor, has been fixed for February 7, next. The artists already engaged to assist at this event are Miss Emily Winant, contralto; Signor Pier De Lasco, basso, and Mr. Tor. Pyk, the Swedish tenor, who will sing a solo with humming chorus accompaniment. An eminent soprano whose name the committee will make known shortly, has also been engaged. The subscription list is now open at Nordheimer's.

Miss Clara E. Rothwell, the popular Scottish vocalist and leading soprano of Trinity Methodist church, is open for concert engagements. Terms, etc., can be obtained upon addressing application to 635 1/2 Spadina avenue.

The Toronto Vocal Club, Mr. W. J. McNally, conductor, give their first concert for this season on January 29 in Association Hall. Miss Jessie Alexander and Miss Maggie Huston has been engaged to assist and other names to be added to the list of assisting artists will be announced in due time. MODERATO.

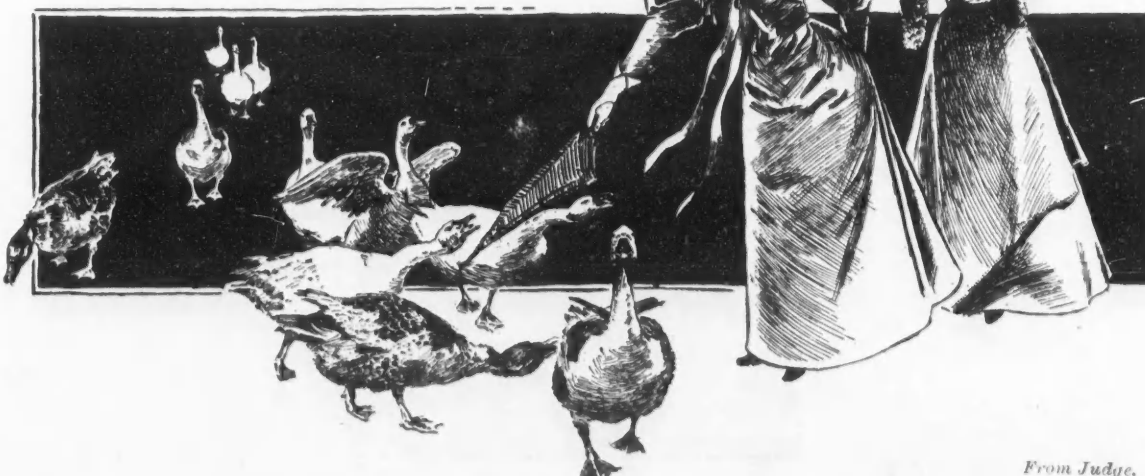
Mr. Pier Delasco.

Our front page this week we reproduce an artistic portrait of Mr. Pier Delasco, executed in charcoal by Mr. E. Wyly Grier. It is a capital bit of work and an excellent likeness of the unrivalled basso. Mr. Delasco has sung in all the principal theaters of Italy, England and the United States, and wherever he has appeared he has received unqualified praise from the press. He has sung in concerts at Covent Garden, London, and at the Trocadero in Paris. Speaking of him *Figaro* said: "A rich mellow, resonant voice is what gives Delasco such a high place among the lyric artists. Young and ambitious, full of earnestness and possessing the artistic temperament, why should he not become a great operatic artist?" Early last season Mr. Delasco sang for three weeks in the city of Mexico in a series of concerts which were the fashionable and artistic events of the year. The Toronto Male Chorus Club has engaged him as solo basso for their concert in February. No other Canadian, except perhaps Madame Albani, has won such success in Italy and London.

GOOSE

Do you see the two girls?
The geese do not like the two girls.
Geese do not bite.
The girls fear they will bite:
The girls live in the city.

GEESSE



From Judge.



GOOD MORNING.

and to-day he is at the very zenith of his powers. He is one of the most popular and likeable of men, and has a charming studio in the top floor of the Confederation Life building, with a view overlooking the city. Here he not only instructs a few favored pupils in singing, but he entertains his friends and sketches, for he is quite a success with crayons. His pictures are not publicly exposed as a rule, but shown for the delectation of his immediate friends. There are singers who would give much for the fine testimonials which he carries so quietly in his scrapbook, from the masters and critics of Italy. We publish this portrait to promote a better acquaintance between the country and a son who does her credit.

A Bunch of Anecdotes.

THE following story was told by Lord Churchill—not Lord Randolph, the M.P., but a member of the Upper House of the same name—at a public dinner in a country town in England twelve months ago, to illustrate the relative positions of the agriculturist and the Government: "The officers in a crack regiment, whom we will call Jones and Brown, were very close friends and were also general favorites, both being jolly good fellows. It so happened that they left the army about the same time. Jones had come into a nice little estate and he settled down respectably enough and became a country squire, losing sight altogether for three or four years of his old friend Brown, who went to the dogs completely. However, being in London one day, Jones ran across his old comrade selling penny pies in the street. "What, Brown! My poor dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "how ever did you come down to this? Oh! I am so sorry for you. Who could have imagined that old Ned Brown, the nicest, jolliest fellow in the regiment, would ever be reduced to selling pies in the streets! My dear old friend, you have my most hearty sympathy in your misfortunes, I assure you." "Yes, that's all right," Brown responded, "I don't doubt it; but d— the sympathy, Jack—are you going to buy a pie?"

Writing the above reminds me of another fine story told by a gentleman who is not yet a peer, but is a member of Parliament and heir to an earldom. It was some few years ago while the Conservative party were in power in England that this gentleman told the following story to illustrate the attitude of the "Gladstonians," who were in opposition towards the government. "A short time ago,"

he said, "there was a party of us out West yachting. We had everything we wanted, except a cook; we could not get a cook for love nor money. It was arranged, therefore, that each one of the party should take a day's turn at the cooking; and the first man who complained about the cooking should do the whole of it himself for the remainder of the cruise. Well, as you may imagine, we had some shocking cooking, but, of course, nobody complained, until one day a pie was put on the table. Such a pie! One man said to his neighbor—and, mind you, it was a very unfair thing to do—'Say, what do you think of that pie?' 'That pie!' the man slowly and sadly replied. 'That pie! Well, I reckon it's the dearest pie I ever ate; but I like it!'"

Anyone who has spent any time in England can hardly have failed to be struck with the frequent and ridiculously inapt use by Londoners of a certain word, at any time objectionable, beginning with a "b" and ending with a "y." A friend of the writer's, a man venerable by reason of his years and also of his cloth, was in the Savage Club in London not very long ago introduced to a gentleman there, a handsome, well-dressed, rich and educated man, but withal a thorough cockney. This individual asked the clergyman if he knew a certain place on the Thames, and being answered in the affirmative enquired if he was acquainted with a particular gentleman who lived there, and whom we will call Mr. Franks. "Oh, yes," said the parson, "I dined with Mr. Franks last week." "Ah! indeed, indeed, sir; pleased to hear that ye know Mr. Franks—most charming fellow, sir—charming! Ah often dine at his place. Ah sh'ill nevah forget the last time I was at dinner there—about three weeks ago. After dinnah Mr. Franks opened the glass doors leading onto the lawn, and we walked out on the close-cut lawn, smooth as a billiard-table, smoking those delicious Havannahs that he keeps. The exquisite perfumes of rare and beautiful flowers were arising on the still evening air; a nightingale down the avenue was 'singing to his love' voicing forth the most entrancing music; overhead the stars shone and twinkled with bright bewitching splendor; and presently Mr. Franks' little daughters came out in their white dresses with blue sashes, the dear little angels; altogether it was a most ravishingly delightful picture, and then, sir, while we were dancing on the lawn, mah Gawd! when you would think it was impossible to add anything to the effect of the *tout ensemble*, in order to crown the gorgeousness of the scene, up rose the b—y moon!"

J. A. T.



An exhibition of unusual excellence has been held this week in Bain's Art Room, to which many people have wended their way. Homer Watson's year's work is under consideration by the art lovers of Toronto, and many words of approval have been spoken. Certainly Bain's walls have never held a more interesting exhibit than is now hung upon them. Everyone has chosen their favorite painting, influenced rather by choice of subject than by handling, for all are treated alike by the artist, with a vigor and success which is very pleasing. Of the larger pictures a very fine effort is that showing an approaching summer storm, clouds huddling to the zenith and a horizon dark and rain charged. A group of cattle coming down a slope to the water and another group in the far distance makes a patch of white and dun beyond a stretch of meadow, half of which is already shaded by the storm cloud. An Old Sheep barn, with the flock straying out under some fine trees is a favorite picture and the Forest on the River Bank had also many admirers. A couple of charming Devonshire bits pleased those who know that beautiful Southern county, and some beautiful Burnham beeches, very moderately drawn and truly tinted, gave another glimpse of England. The Wayfarer has already found a purchaser, and shows a sloping country road with a blue-smocked traveler resting half way. The Forest Lane, with its journeying party and the Village under the Hill, are two pictures that will find admirers everywhere. A little gem, which was very badly hung, is the Wood Hauler. A foreground of soft, luscious grass and a yellow glow of sunlit sky behind a number of spreading trees, under which the choppers are at work.

Beside Homer Watson's excellent work, Bain has a number of pictures by Dutch, French and English artists. There is a precious little Suffolk scene by Constable, a mellow landscape by Gainsborough, a tiny bit by Copley Fielding, a couple of soft little moonlight pictures by Gilbert; a head, full of *riante life*, by Zezzos, an Italian artist; some of Weissenbruch's blurry Dutch landscapes, which are so charming; two large Hardys one Off Boulouge, the second, a Venetian scene; a delightful Bachelor in His Den, by Burmeister, with many other interesting and beautiful pictures which I shall remember when this notice is in print. A half-dozen Canadian scenes by J. T. Rolph are on the west wall, and will be recognized by every one with pleasure.

The studio teas given on Friday and Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien were largely attended; in fact, the voluminous gowns of the ladies rather spoiled the view of the lovely pictures which Mr. O'Brien has shown us as his summer harvest from the far East. Tea was served in the library downstairs, where many gems of art were also to be admired. Among Saturday's guests were: Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hebdon, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Miss Givens, Mr. and Miss Eddis, Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Totten, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Neville, and hosts of others.

Commencing on Monday next the Toronto Art Students League will welcome to their studios all who are interested in art matters to view some of the recent work of its members. Not the least interesting feature of the exhibit will be the original drawings of the artistic calendar for '95 which is now a recognized annual publication welcomed by all art lovers. No doubt the commodious rooms at 75 Adelaide street east will be thronged by visitors during the week. LADY GAY.

Disgusting, but True.

He sat in his easy-chair, a picture of helpless misery; perhaps it would be better to say he lolled in his chair, for his whole frame was inert, his flesh was flabby, and he looked as though nothing would rouse him from his wretched lethargy. He had a dull, grinding headache, his eyes were yellow and blood-shot, his skin was hot with a low fever, he felt tired and heavy in every limb. A faint sense of nausea oppressed him, and he had a bad, thick taste in his mouth.

What was he—this poor, miserable piece of humanity below par? A drunkard recovering from a long debauch? A worn-out profligate, paralyzed by years of dissipation? The victim of some hideous vice—the opium or the chloral habit? No; not a bit of it! He hadn't a vice in the world—the poor man. Only he had just eaten twice his usual allowance of dinner right in the dead waist and middle of the day, in order to have a good time and spend Christmas as it ought to be spent; and this is the way that he puts in his afternoon in consequence. Oh, yes, we're a real nice, intellectual, rational, reasonable people, we are, and the angels will take off their hats to us when we die of indigestion. —Puck.

There Was a Doubt.

A coachman in the employ of a notorious and universally detested money-lender gave notice of his intention to leave his situation at the month's end, and, on being asked the reason, answered:

"Every time we drive out I can hear the people in the street say, 'There goes the scamp!' and I'll be hanged if I know whether it's me they mean or master!"—*L'Am-nunziatore*.

An Accomplished Fact.

"Grandma, may I take that piece of chocolate you left on the table? I will be so good!" "Yes, you may take it." (The little girl does not move.) "Why don't you go and get it?" "Oh! grandma, dear; I ate it first!"—*L'Am-nunziatore*.

Short Stories Retold.

In a certain town in the north of Yorkshire a traveling American found an omnibus which carried first, second and third class passengers. As the seats were all alike the traveler was mystified, but not for long. Midway of the route the omnibus stopped at the foot of a long, steep hill, and the guard shouted, "First-class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class passengers, please get out and walk. Third-class passengers, get out and push."

In Marmontel's tragedy of Cleopatra, represented in the Theatre Francaise, when the Egyptian queen was about to commit felony-de-se, she held in her hands a mechanical asp of cunning workmanship devised by Vaucanson, the ingenious mechanician. This venomous reptile reared its head, and before plunging its apparent fangs into the arm of the actress, gave a shrill hiss. A spectator hereupon arose and left the house, with the simple but expressive remark, "I am of the same opinion as the asp."

Lemaitre, the French actor, was always head over heels in debt, despite an enormous salary, and was always kept busy devising means by which he could raise money. One evening, an hour before the curtain was to rise upon a new play, a well known pawnbroker entered the private office of the director of the Theatre Francaise. "Here is a pawnticket for you, sir," "For me?" exclaimed the astonished director. "Yes, monsieur. It is for twenty thousand francs, and I hold M. Lemaitre as security. He can not leave my place until I have been paid." And the pawnbroker was telling the truth. The director had to pay this amount before he could get his star. Lemaitre and the pawnbroker divided the spoils.

Professor Zakharin, one of the most celebrated doctors in Russia, who was in attendance on the Czar, is an original character, whose feats of eccentricity have added to his fame. When the state of the Emperor became alarming, the Governor of Moscow received from St. Petersburg a telegram ordering him to send Dr. Zakharin without delay. The Governor despatched his aide-de-camp to him. "In two hours," said the officer, "the express train will start." "The express? What do you mean?" exclaimed the professor. "The Emperor is ill, and you talk to me about a train leaving in two hours! Go to the railway manager, and command him to get a special train for me in twenty minutes." It was done.

Four gloomy and weary Princeton men boarded a Philadelphia train after Saturday's game, and selected one corner of a quiet car, where they could ride untroubled by the shouts of the victors. They had ridden only a short distance when a crowd of jubilant Pennsylvanians burst into the other end of the car and filled it with their shouts and songs. The Princetonians held a hurried consultation, and finally one arose and walked determinedly to the other end of the car. To the outsiders a fight seemed imminent, but the Princeton man simply said, "Boys, my wife is very ill, and if you could make just a little less noise I would esteem it a great favor." The shouting ceased, and soon after the Pennsylvanians left for another car, while a suspicious brown bottle passed around among the four gloomy men.

When Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man. This man conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident. So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon Church, and told his desires. The prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg, but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears, and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.

Some time ago, when Henry Irving was in Edinburgh, a Scotch clergyman came and informed him that he was to attend the theater that week for the first time in his life, to see one of the Lyceum productions. Irving felt duly flattered, and so expressed himself; but the divine, after a certain amount of stammering, confessed that he did not wish to see a play in which there was a ballet. Irving, greatly puzzled, informed him that there was no dancing in the plays he was then producing, but that, according to the slang of the "profession," the supernumeraries of both sexes were "the ballet," and hence probably arose his visitor's mistake. The worthy man's face beamed, and he took an affectionate leave of his host; but at the door he was seized with misgivings and suddenly demanded, point-blank: "If there is no ballet, Mr. Irving, why do people talk so much about your legs?" Irving's answer has not been chronicled.

An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski, the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit and looking solemnly over the audience, the revivalist said: "I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up." One old woman, apparently on the shady side of sixty, stood up. "Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher. The woman did so; whereupon Jones said, "Now turn around and let this audience see the best-looking woman in the country." After taking her seat, the revivalist addressed the men: "Now I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up." Twenty-seven big, strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with alacrity. "Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys," Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in

front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said: "I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the State of Tennessee."

Fisherman Jim's Kids.

Fisherman Jim lived on the hill
With his little wife and his little boys;
"Twas 'Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will—
Naught we rock of your cold and noise!"
For happy and warm was he and his,
And he dangled his kids upon his knee
To the song of the sea.

Fisherman Jim would sail all day,
But when night came upon the sands
His little kids ran from their play,
Callin' to him an' wavin' their hands;
Though the wind was fresh and the sea was high,
He'd hear 'em—ye bet—above the roar
Of the waves on the shore!

Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky,
And never a kid saw he at play;
And he listened in vain for the welcoming cry:
In his little house he learned it all,
And he clenched his hands and he bowed his head—
"The fever!" they said.

'Twas a pitiful time for Fisherman Jim
With them darlin' a-dyin' afore his eyes,
A-stretchin' their wee hands out to him,
An' a-breakin' his heart with the old-time cries
He had heard so often upon the sands,
For they thought they were helpin' his boat ashore—
Till they spoke no more.

But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,
Castin' his net an' sailin' the sea,
As a man will live when his heart is gone.
Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly,
Till once in three years they come an' said:
"Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—
Go to him quick!"

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:
"It's a long, long cruise—ye understand—
But over by on the ragin' sea
I kin see my boys on the shinin' sand
Waitin' to help this ol' hulk ashore
Just as they used to—ah, make, ye know!
In the long ago."

No, sir, he wuzn't afraid to die;
For all night long he seemed to see
His little boys of the days gone by
An' to hear sweet voices forgin' by me!
An' 'till the mornin' sun come up—
"They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried,
An' so he died.

EGGERS FIELD.

Fashionable Anniversaries.

An account of numerous enquiries I have arranged a series of hints on the various wedding anniversaries which are usually commemorated. The invention of crepe-paper has done much to establish the observance of the Paper Wedding, for it has increased tenfold the variations possible in decoration and in presents. Moreover, these paper novelties are so inexpensive that no one can have scruples about issuing invitations which would suggest such gifts. There is no special stationery for the paper wedding. An invitation similar to that which would be issued for any reception or dinner is correct form. All such invitations should be issued two weeks before the affair is to take place. At present, fashion gives preference to an afternoon reception for all anniversary weddings, the time being usually from four to six o'clock. The afternoon tea-table decorated in appropriate style, the menu differing in no way from any afternoon entertainment, with the exception of the wedding-cake, is the correct form of hospitality to offer. In this, as at other times, money is lavished upon accessories, not upon food. The wedding-cake should contain a ring, and should be cut by the hostess, as at the wedding reception itself. For the paper wedding, paper should be used for lambrequins, curtains, table covers, and scarfs, lamp shades, etc. The bed-rooms set apart for the use of the guests should have paper drapery on the bed and dressing-table. Care must be taken that these flimsy hangings do not come in contact with a flame. The possibilities of variety in the selection of presents for a paper wedding are unlimited. The paper novelties will suggest themselves; but besides these there are books, magazines, music, maps, pictures (etchings, engravings or photographs), stationery (including cards), address and memorandum books, tickets and subscriptions for library fees or for the theater or travel, stocks, bonds, the deed of a house or an insurance policy (a pre-eminently suitable gift from a husband to his wife). For those poor in purse but rich in love there is the love-letter, which each may write the other, and there is little doubt that it will be more precious than any which preceded it.

The invitations for a wooden wedding should be engraved on wooden cards the size of the ordinary visiting card now used by married ladies. It is enclosed in a white envelope of fine paper. There are some beautiful paper imitations of wood, but the best stationers say that wood itself is to be preferred. The decorations for a wooden wedding are simple, and consist mainly of flowers

set in tubs or pails or other wooden receptacles, the removal of all table covers and scarfs, and a service of wooden plates, dishes and trays. For this last, meat and pasty boards are frequently brought into requisition. The gifts for a wooden wedding range from a box of matches to a grand piano, a yacht, or a carriage. They include exquisite novelties in Swiss carving, and furniture of all kinds. A highly valued gift presented to a lady a few years ago was a cross set in gold. The wood of which it was made, and of whose genuineness there could be no question, had formed part of the central block of the mantel in the room in which Shakespeare was born. There are many bits of wood hallowed by association which could be similarly utilized. They could be made into ornaments for desk or table, or mounted handsomely for personal use.

The invitations for a tin wedding are stamped from an engraved plate upon thin cards of rolled tin. These impressions are not usually linked, though colors may be employed if desired. The re-introduction of a pliable material adds to the variety of decoration for unique boutonnières, and bouquets of tin flowers may be purchased. Tin flowers are not so ugly as might be supposed, and if one cared to go to the expense they could be enameled, when they would form beautiful souvenirs of the occasion. The horn of plenty is a favorite device for flower-holders. When used, natural flowers should fall from it in careless profusion upon the cloth. A small horn set off an afternoon tea table. Tin plates, tin cups, and tin pans for dishes naturally suggest themselves; but it may be well to remind the uninitiated that such accessories are only for the mock feast, which is always to be supplemented by one served in a manner more conducive to appetite.

With the crystal wedding there is a sudden rise in the value of suitable gifts, and this naturally arouses a delicacy with some about sending out invitations. The words "No presents" are of good intent, but their use is not considered good form. It is an instance of protesting too much. A neat design for the crystal wedding notification is the initials of the husband and those of the wife before she was married, placed in raised letters sprinkled with diamond powder, the scroll-work surrounding the letters beginning with the original date, and ending with that of the anniversary year. Diamond-powder may be freely used in household decorations, and glass should everywhere be made prominent.

The china and linen wedding deserves to be more universally observed, for it can be made most picturesque and enjoyable without the ostentatious display of its immediate predecessor. The invitation should bear the design of a china plate stamped in colors. This is considered the most tasteful, and Dresden china is generally used as models for the die. The combination of china and linen renders it possible to pay friends the compliment of sending one's own handiwork, whether it be of needle or brush, and to bestow gifts of a value proportionate to one's means.

The silver wedding is indeed a time for rejoicing. It is the pause at the top of the mountain, when husband and wife are in full possession of strength, power and happiness. It is often the time set for the marriage of a son or daughter, who starts in life with the hope that the same good fortune which has attended the parents may follow him or her. Invitations for the silver wedding are printed in silver. They should always bear the two dates and names of husband and wife, for after twenty-five years many acquaintances have been formed who might not know the wife's family. All presents must be of silver. This is imperative. They should be marked either with the dates or with the words "Silver Wedding," and a motto expressive of congratulations or of love and fidelity may be added if desired. A husband recently gave his wife twenty-five silver dollars fresh from the mint as a special souvenir of the day. It is doubtful whether these coins will ever pass into circulation.

For the golden wedding ceremony relaxes. The invitations should be similar to those issued for the silver, but printed, of course, in gold. The presents need not be representative, but may consist of anything suitable for a gift to elderly persons. Little should be expected of those in whose honor this anniversary is celebrated, and the love and esteem of friends may best be shown by forethought and care exercised to guard them against fatigue and excitement. The notices should not subject them to the necessity of a general reception or an elaborate dinner. A brief call from intimate friends, and the forwarding of congratulations by others, are the best taste on the part of those invited.

As to dress on all these occasions, from the paper wedding to the golden, the wife should wear some article which was worn on her wedding-day. The gown is seldom available, but laces, a fan, or even a handkerchief, are kept many years.

"I want to see the man who accepted my poem." "He's out." "He is!" "Yes; ten dollars!"

About a Queen Child.

A pretty little story about Her Majesty Wilhelmina, the girl-Queen of Holland, has just found its way into the Dutch papers. The Queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life. Her mother, the Queen-Regent, therefore thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severely with Wilhelmina's little ways. Lately, the young Queen, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked—not, perhaps, in the most dignified fashion—at the door of the room in which the Queen-Regent was engaged. "Who is there?" "It is the Queen of Holland!" (imperiously). "Then she must not enter" (peremptorily). At this rebuff the little Queen suddenly changed her tactics, and softening her tones, said winningly: "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you." "You may come in." And so Wilhelmina wins her way into the heart of the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen.

It's Time That Telis.

New-Fangled Ideas Don't Count For Much After All

People are going ahead so rapidly in life that they are likely to run rough shod over health—timely words of advice to all—stick to what you know is legitimate.

One good way to test the merit of a preparation advertised to benefit health is to look carefully into its record. In times like the present, when there are so many worthless preparations in the market and so many new schemes for making money questionably, you will do wisely if you buy only a preparation which has stood the test of time.

Another important thing is to look out for secret compounds. It is unfortunate that the laws of nature make it impossible many times to trace the origin of many vegetable concoctions, for the medical world might be able to expose their worthlessness. But it may be well for Scott's Emulsion, however, that the laws are as they are, for Scott's Emulsion can say that it is one of the few preparations whose ingredients cannot be concealed and whose formula is endorsed by the whole medical world.

In these days of worthless mixtures, Scott's Emulsion stands out conspicuously. It has honesty back of it, the endorsement of physicians all around it, remarkable curative properties in it and permanent cures ahead of it. For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has been growing in public favor until it is now a popular remedy in almost every country of the world. Its growth has been somewhat remarkable, when viewed on the surface, and still it is only natural, for Scott's Emulsion is the natural outcome of many human complaints. Scott's Emulsion presents the curative and wonderful nourishing properties of Cod-liver Oil within the reach of everybody. It is unnatural to take plain Cod-liver Oil, as it is in a form that taxes the stomach, and yet for a person who is wasting to go without Cod-liver Oil is to refuse the very thing which is the best adapted to wasting conditions.

Scott's Emulsion really has over fifty years back of it, for all the plain oil taken for thirty years before Scott's Emulsion was made had to be made exactly like Scott's Emulsion before it could be assimilated. So Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of preparing the oil for assimilation and it also aids the digestion of other food.

Loss of appetite, loss of flesh, loss of strength and general physical vigor, are speedily overcome by Scott's Emulsion. These ailments usually mark a decline of health. Unless a nourishment especially adapted to overcoming this condition of wasting is taken, the patient goes from bad to worse, and Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia and other forms of disease surely result.

Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary specific. Besides soothing and curative properties which are useful in curing Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Inflammation of Throat and Lungs, it also contains the vital principles of nourishment. A little Scott's Emulsion given to babies or children does more to the making of solid bones and healthy flesh than all of their ordinary food. Babies who do not thrive soon grow chubby and bright on Scott's Emulsion, and children who are thin and have the appearance of growing too fast do not seem as though they could grow fast enough.

To consumptives Scott's Emulsion is life itself. There are thousands of cases on record where Scott's Emulsion has actually cured quite advanced stages of this dreadful disease. Coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, weak lungs and all of the phases of emaciation and decline of the health, are cured by Scott's Emulsion when all other methods of treatment fail. For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents and one dollar. Pamphlet free on application to Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

"Woman will be famed as well as man!" she ejaculated as she threw down the book. "Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."

Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to consumption or scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

Young lady—What is the price of that bicycle costume? Dealer—That is not a bicycle costume, miss; it's a suit of sanitary underwear.

"Rigby."

When falls the rain and winds are blowing I do not feel, I do not care,
With a Rigby coat out I am going I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair;
The rain may fall as from a fountain And turn the fields into a pool,
The east wind whistles o'er the mountain, I wear Rigby, I'm no fool.

"What are you doing now?" asked one Yale man of another. "I'm writing for a living." "What do you write?" "Letters to the governor."

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NERVOUS DISEASES

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Coutts & Sons.

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PARALYSIS

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PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U. S. A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Cetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

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It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The Man Who "Bested" Sherlock Holmes.

"I don't care what you say," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "my opinion is that Sherlock Holmes will be as great a favorite with posterity as Pickwick or Count Fosco, or anybody else you can name in fiction."

"Bosh! Rot!" replied my friend. "Don't libel posterity in that reckless manner; it never did you any harm, and the poor body cannot speak for itself. And why should you imagine it will be so easily imposed upon?"

"But look at his unique individuality—his wonderful reasoning powers," I retorted.

"Unique and wonderful fiddle-de-dee! I could tell you a story which might somewhat alter your opinions."

My friend Anderson was a particularly smart private detective, specially retained by a burglary insurance company, and I gave him credit for speaking with a touch of professional jealousy. Still, he had brought off some clever captures, and exposed a few people who had attempted to defraud his company, so I was compelled to regard him as an authority. I invited him to proceed with this wonderful yarn of his.

Well—he began—I was just putting the finishing touches to my breakfast one lovely morning—it was the beginning of July—when I heard the sound of wheels in the street, and looking through the window I saw a neat little dog-cart pull up at my own door. The driver got down and rang the bell, and a minute later my servant brought in a letter, which I opened. It was brief, and ran as follows:

"LUTON SQUARE, E—,

5th July, 1892.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to see you as early as possible. A burglary was committed at my house late last night or early this morning, and very valuable property stolen. If you can make it convenient to accompany the bearer, so much the better."

"Yours faithfully,

"J. H. McDONALD."

"The driver is to wait for an answer, sir," my servant reminded me as I stared at the letter.

"Say I will be with him in less than five minutes," I replied. So I finished my breakfast, and after referring to the directory for information respecting McDonald, who was, it appeared, a retired army captain, I went downstairs and entered the dog-cart.

On arriving at Luton square I was shown into the drawing-room and the captain joined me almost before I was seated. I noticed that his agitation was very great.

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson," he said, giving me his hand; "I am exceedingly obliged by your prompt compliance with my wishes and I trust—before going any farther, may I ask if you have any objection to working, if necessary, with a fellow expert in matters of this kind?"

"None whatever," I answered; "who is he?"

"A Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said; "I understand he is a specialist."

"He is a remarkably clever man," I replied. "Then perhaps you will kindly follow me," he said; and he led the way to the dining-room and unlocked the door.

"You see," he explained, "I thought I'd better lock the room up, so that nothing could be disturbed until your arrival."

"Morning, Kitty, darling," interrupted a voice, the exact counterpart of the captain's, finishing with the unmistakable sound of a kiss; then, "How are you, papa?" in a feminine voice. A moment's reflection convinced me that it was a parrot speaking, and, looking up, I found my surmise to be correct.

"Ah, Poll, old woman," returned the captain, and motioning me to be seated he began: "First of all, Mr. Anderson, my small household consists of six persons—myself, my wife, my daughter Kate, a cook, a general servant and the driver who brought you here. The three servants have been in my employ for years, and I would trust them with untold gold. Now, then, yesterday afternoon I received from Messrs. H— & C—, jewelers, of Bond street, a brooch set with a particularly precious stone—precious to me and of priceless value by reason of old associations and circumstances connected with it; but I need not trouble you with them. The intrinsic value of the gem may not be worth more than five hundred pounds, and that of its setting perhaps another thirty."

"Keep your hair on, old chap," said the parrot.

"S—sh, Poll! Well," continued the captain, "I showed the brooch to my daughter only, for it was to be a surprise gift to my dear wife, on her birthday, and such a gift as she would prefer to anything this world contains, simply on account of the associations I hinted at just now. After hearing Kitty's rapturous expressions as to its beauty, and her assurance that for a similar present on her twenty-first birthday she would be as agreeably surprised as I could desire, I locked up the trinket in a private drawer of that cabinet in the corner. On coming downstairs this morning the first thing I did was to go to the cabinet, to feast my eyes with a sight of the brooch, for I had been strangely anxious about it up to going to sleep, and had driven myself to dreaming of it, I suppose, by my anxiety; and ugly dreams they were, too, and you would fully appreciate my anxiety if you were acquainted with the history of the gem, and how it has been endeared to us for a quarter of a century. Mr. Anderson,"—and his voice quivered—"imagine my dismay, my agony, when on opening the drawer I found it was empty! The brooch was gone!"

"The brooch, the brooch," muttered the parrot.

"I cannot describe my feelings at my loss, and though I am not a rich man, I will willingly pay five hundred pounds for the recovery of the brooch."

"I will examine the cabinet, with your permission," I said, and as I rose for the purpose of crossing the room the bird broke forth with: "Keep your hair on, old boy" (this in the voice of the driver). "Cook, how are we for butter! Pretty Poll!" The last two remarks in the sweet, feminine tones imitated previously; then in a delicious drawl: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

"A very clever bird that," I remarked casually.

"She is a wonderful talker and mimic," he replied, and was instantly absorbed in my examination of the lock of the secret drawer. Here the servant entered with a visiting card. "Tell the gentleman I will be with him immediately," and as the servant left the room the captain said:

"It's Holmes, so perhaps you'll excuse me for a short time. I'll explain things to him, and bring him in to you; in the meantime, make whatever examination you like."

He had no sooner gone than I made a complete and exhaustive examination of all that I considered bore on the case, but without result. "Keep your hair on, old boy! Ain't it 'ot! Woa!"

All this was in the driver's voice, rendered with phonographic accuracy, even to the slight cockney accent, and as I looked up at the bird, and saw its head on one side and its eye fixed upon me so comically, it flashed across me all at once that it might possibly know something of the brooch.

I was lost in admiration of the parrot, when Captain McDonald came into the room with Holmes, whom he introduced to me. Holmes was dressed in boating flannels, and looked more like a middle-aged tradesman out for the day than one of the smartest detectives in London.

"I have given Mr. Holmes the particulars I have given you," explained the captain, as Holmes went to the cabinet and repeated my performance.

"Is there anything you would like to know before I leave the room?"

"Nothing just yet," said my colleague. "Just two questions," I put in; "first, was the parrot in the cage when you were putting the brooch away?"

"Oh, yes," answered the captain. And Holmes smiled.

"Did you leave the room for a single moment?" I asked.

"No, I simply opened the two drawers, deposited the brooch, locked them up, and went straight to bed."

"Thank you," I said, "that is all I require," and as he left the room I turned to see what Holmes was doing. He had done with the locks of the drawers, and was engaged at the window, and looking mighty puzzled, I can tell you, when the parrot asked:

"What're you staring at?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle Psittacus Erithacus," said Holmes, "you are very inquisitive this morning."

"And very insulting, too," I remarked; "she called me stupid just now."

"She is a very intelligent bird," he returned sarcastically.

"All right, my friend," I thought, "we shall soon see who is the stupid party. If you can come to any different conclusion from the one I have arrived at, you are cleverer than I give you credit for being."

Holmes was on the floor looking for footmarks on the velvet pile carpet; but his microscope showed none. Then he took a good look at every inch of the apartment. He walked to the fireplace, then to the door, and finished by re-examining the two locks of the drawers. After this he opened his pocket-knife and began trimming his nails.

"There is a gorgeous simplicity about this affair," remarked Holmes, "and what the captain tells me makes that simplicity colossal in its gorgeousness. Here we are told that a valuable knick-knack has been stolen; we see for ourselves that no entry has been made from outside; we both know, I think, that the thief must be on the premises, and yet we are told distinctly that we are not to suspect them."

"Keep your hair on," screamed the parrot. "Confound your noise!" cried Holmes angrily.

"You must remember one thing," Holmes continued, "and that is that his daughter is very much taken up with the bauble and expressed a wish to possess one like it. There is only one person for it, Anderson, and Miss Kate McDonald is the thief. And here goes. There is the captain pacing the terrace like a caged lion; I'll be back in a jiffy."

I took my head in my hands to have a good square think before he returned; I went over the simple facts of the case again, but all to no purpose.

The next things I remember were hearing the parrot talking in its cage above me, and the captain and Holmes talking as they came along the hall. The words the parrot said are as indelibly photographed on the tablets of my memory as if it had taken them down in shorthand, with an acid which bit in every syllable.

The parrot said, in the captain's voice: "Brooch, precious brooch; safer, wouldn't look there. Safe: billiard-table pocket; ha, ha! safe—brooch."

"My coachman!" the captain was saying indignantly. "Why, the fellow would lay down his life for me."

"Then there is only one other person for it," said Holmes decisively, as they reached the dining-room door.

"And that one!" demanded the captain, turning upon Holmes as they entered.

The latter was slightly pale, but cool. "Captain, the purloiner of the lost brooch is you!"

He got no farther. Up to this point I had listened as in a dream. I heard, but was unable

"She is a wonderful talker and mimic," he replied, and was instantly absorbed in my examination of the lock of the secret drawer. Here the servant entered with a visiting card. "Tell the gentleman I will be with him immediately," and as the servant left the room the captain said:

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"Is there anything you would like to know before I leave the room?"

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277 Queen St. West

to speak. I was stunned by the lightning flash which laid bare the whole mystery, and the after-clap was still ringing in my ears. But I roused myself in time to save Holmes' reputation!

"Allow me, captain," I hurriedly interrupted, and casting an imploring look at my colleague: "I have made an important discovery since Mr. Holmes left the room. Will you please conduct us to the billiard-room?"

I felt instinctively that the mystery would be cleared up there. The parrot could not have uttered those pregnant words without hearing them from some person, nor could it have repeated another person's words in the captain's voice, or vice versa. It was evident to me that McDonald's uneasiness had caused him to get up in his sleep—and well, I was prepared to go "nap" on the rest. On reaching the billiard room, I said:

"Mr. McDonald, will you oblige me by feeling in the pockets on that side of the table?"

"He did, but it was not there! Had that parrot sold me? I felt like perspiring."

"Feel in the top pocket of this side," he said.

"What the dickens, sir!" he began, after doing so.

"Now in the middle one, if you please, captain."

Holmes was excited. My heart almost stood still as the captain inserted his hand. Oh, how I watched his face! If it were not there, only one other pocket remained, and—but I was relieved of all anxiety by the wondrous change in the captain's face as his hand touched the brooch. Such a look of astonishment, joy and gratitude combined!

"Thank God!" he cried, in a voice of great emotion; and seizing my hand he wrung it warmly and long.

"Mr. Anderson," he said, after a short interval, and pulled out his cheque-book. "I never, in the whole of my life, paid money more willingly than I pay this five hundred pounds."

"Excuse me, captain," I replied, "but there is no five hundred pounds due, as there has been no burglary committed."

To say that both he and Holmes were astonished would but faintly describe their condition; they were, in the expressive phraseology of our Yankee cousins, "flabbergasted!"

"But how did you find it, Mr. Anderson? It is so—so—bless my soul, I can't understand it."

"Pardon me, sir, but we never disclose our *modus operandi*, do we, Mr. Holmes?" I beamed a meaning smile upon the latter, which went home. "You see, Mr. McDonald, if we detectives and conjurers were to show the public how we did our tricks, we should have the profession crowded in no time, and then—?"

"But this discovery was made by no trick."

"Well, well, we have all sorts of little birds telling us things, eh, Mr. Holmes?"

But Holmes did not take me, for a wonder. "Just one question, captain, before we go: did you ever read Sylvester Sound, the Sonambulist, by Henry Cockton?"

A light broke upon them both.

"I have read the book, Mr. Anderson," replied the captain with a smile of anticipation.

"Well, the next time you think of going in for a little sleep-walking, I would advise you to take the same precaution as Sylvester did in attaching himself to his bedfellow, and we all laughed heartily at the recollection of the sonambulist's ruse and its result."

"And," concluded Anderson, "that charming landscape by David Cox, hung in my den at home, was a present from the captain. What did Holmes say? I'll tell you. Ah, it was rich the way I rubbed it in."

"Anderson," said he, "I'm obliged by your kindness—the way you did it was fine; but how did you find out about the old fellow walking in his sleep?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said I, "you noticed a parrot in the room we were in, or possibly so small a thing escaped your attention?"

"Go on, old sword of Damocles," said he.

"Holmes, old chap," said I, "that parrot was, as you remarked, an intelligent bird—a very intelligent bird." And I roared at the sight of his perplexity.

I joined my friend in the boisterous laugh he was seized with at the memory of it all. But while subsequently acknowledging his smartness in taking such ready advantage of so rare an accident, I would not alter my previous estimate of the reception posterity would accord to the chronicled exploits of Sherlock Holmes.—Joseph Baron in Tit-Bits.

Like Most Mashers.

An amusing story is going the rounds about a certain actor, who shall be nameless, but who imagines himself a lady-killer. This artist, whom we will call X, is a member of a club to which a fellow actor, Z, also belongs. Y's letters were put in the Z box, and Z, without looking at the address, opened one by mistake. It was a letter from a tailor of the usual character. Shocked at his mistake, Z hastily revealed the letter and put it in the Y box. Soon afterwards Y came in, opened the letter, glanced triumphantly around and exclaimed, "Silly little girl."



T.S.

IT HELPS DIGESTION
WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT
IS LARGELY PRESCRIBED
TO ASSIST DIGESTION, TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE
FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND AS A VALUABLE TONIC
PRICE 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs a Specialty
In doing up Open Front and Collar Attached Shirt we have no equal
106 YORK STREET
Telephone 1605
Geo. P. Sharpe

He Invested only Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

There is a man who has spent the past twenty-five years of his life exploring for gold and other minerals in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania and New Zealand. He has no doubt picked up some money, yet he says that the investment of seven shillings and sixpence brought him in bigger returns than any other he had ever made.

Yet, hold on a minute. Don't let us jump to the conclusion that we can all get rich out of the proceeds of seven shillings and sixpence till we hear further from this financier. He has a humorous way of putting a serious thing, for which we should like him all the more. Some folk have no idea that a sound sense and genuine fun are twin brothers, but they are all the same.

Our friend's name is William Bromfield Peck, and he lives at Russell, New Zealand, a long way off. He says it is a lovely country and intends to stay in it the balance of his days. As he landed in Australia, from England, in 1866, he has been there long enough to know what he is talking about. He advises persons of limited means who would like to become small landholders to emigrate to New Zealand.

Still, he reminds us that in the end we must pay for what we get. "The calling of a prospector, for instance," said Mr. Peck, "is full of hard work. Besides, it entails rough living, such as salt junk, soddened damper, with tea in buckets. One must have the digestive capacity of an ostrich or an anaconda to stand that diet for long. It must therefore be taken as proof of the good machinery inside of my system, when I mention that I actually stood it for nearly twenty-five years."

My punishment was delayed, you see, but it didn't fail. At last the climax came, and I was prostrated with agonising pain in the stomach and all the other symptoms of a profound derangement of all the digestive organs. I had to knock off work and cease all exertion. I was imbued with disgust with all things mundane. I believe that dyspepsia is responsible for a large portion of the world's suicides!

Mr. Peck's conjecture is exactly parallel with the fact as set forth in the official statistics of all civilized countries. No other disease so demoralises and depresses human nature. It attacks the secret strongholds of the reason and drives people insane; it stupefies the sensibilities; it turns men and women into selfish, useless, nuisances; it impels them to commit crime. All this in addition to their own desolation and suffering. Yes, Mr. Peck is quite right.

But get back to what he says about himself. "At the advice of a friend—Mr. W. Williams of this place—I began to take the famed Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. What result did it have? I'll tell you. It has transformed me from a premature old man into one quite regenerated."

"I am a rapid eater and can't break myself of the bad habit. Hence I make it a point to keep a bottle by me always and an occasional dose when necessary to set me right."

"I can safely assert that the investment of 7s. 6d. in Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was the best I ever made in all my chequered career. You may depend that I prescribe this medicine to all and sundry people I come in contact with. Prior to using it I spent pounds at different times, but only got partial relief. The Syrup seems to make straight for the seat of trouble. I pen these lines just to show other sufferers the way out. There are any number of respectable persons here who can attest to the truth of what I have written. Respectfully (Signed) WM. BROMFIELD PECK, Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, July 2nd, 1892."

We don't call for witnesses. Mr. Peck's tale is frankness and truth itself. We hold out our hand in greeting across the sea. Dyspepsia is a living death, and Mother Seigel's gives new life. Millions sing that chorus. But he had better eat slower. Write again and tell us that you are doing so, friend Peck.

Teacher—Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar-mark? Tommy— I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money.

May 2nd, 1894.
MY DEAR SIR,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in nervous affections and rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,
J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,
Principal of Collegiate Institute,
Coutts & Sons, St. Catharines.

Jagwell—What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud? Wigway—Oh, they've just laid a corner-stone across the street and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it.

Ladies!

WHY HAVE PALE FACES?

At anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many colorless cheeks we see at the present day.

An Anemic person may be known by a pale complexion and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility or extreme nervousness, irregularity of appetite and fatigue, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation and coughs. If neglected, chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy and consumption follow.

Jelly's "Buckeye" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion.

Write to-day to L. L. L. & Co., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box containing 60 doses, say to take and sufficient to cure. Price 50 cts., Post Free.

Why not be lovely?

JAMES' CLEANING AND DYEING
WORKS, 155 Richmond Street W. Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Reps, etc. Crapes renewed. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 656.

BUTTER
Direct from the churn to your table. We are making about 300 pounds daily, put up in pound prints, corks and tubs, and salted to suit taste.
KENSINGTON DAIRY, 453 1/2 YONGE ST.
TELEPHONE 3910

Deceiving the Ladies.

The unceasing struggle for supremacy in almost every line of trade undoubtedly has a tendency to make dealers resort to questionable methods of business. Take, for instance, a line of high class dress goods like Priestley's which has been brought to a state of perfection and has attained popularity everywhere. As soon as the ladies insist upon having these goods and no others, it is reported that some merchants have even taken the "Varnished Board." Priestley's trade mark, out of the genuine Priestley's black dress goods or Cravenettes and wrapped inferior goods upon it for the purpose of deceiving the customer. Fortunately, however, an extra precaution was adopted by the manufacturer in stamping the name "Priestley's" and the length on every five yards, so that ladies who want these goods can be sure of getting them. These goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

She—I took you for an actor the first time I saw you. Henry de Courcy Footlights—And where was that? She—I saw you walking down Broadway with yourself.

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

He—Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the *Troy Budget* contains this item:
An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true."

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in no many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WHY—WHY—WHY

USE

Brown's Special ★ ★ ★ Scotch

Because it's on the table of all who know what fine whisky is. See you get it.

Agent—H. CORBY, Belleville

HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthful sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.

None genuine without bearing name and address of

S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST
243 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$2.00; 12 crates \$3.50. A cord 1 side as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street
Telephone 1870 or send Post Card.

Short Stories Retold.

In a certain town in the north of Yorkshire a traveling American found an omnibus which carried first, second and third class passengers. As the seats were all alike the traveler was mystified, but not for long. Midway of the route the omnibus stopped at the foot of a long, steep hill, and the guard shouted, "First-class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class passengers, please get out and walk. Third-class passengers, get out and push."

In Marmontel's tragedy of Cleopatra, represented in the Theatre Francaise, when the Egyptian queen was about to commit felony-deceit, she held in her hands a mechanical asp of cunning workmanship devised by Vaucanson, the ingenious mechanician. This venomous reptile reared its head, and, before plunging its apparent fangs into the arm of the actress, gave a shrill hiss. A spectator hereupon arose and left the house, with the simple but expressive remark, "I am of the same opinion as the asp."

Lemaître, the French actor, was always head over heels in debt, despite an enormous salary, and was always kept busy devising means by which he could raise money. One evening, an hour before the curtain was to rise upon a new play, a well known pawnbroker entered the private office of the director of the Theatre Francaise. "Here is a pawn-ticket for you, sir," "For me?" exclaimed the astonished director. "Yes, monsieur. It is for twenty thousand francs, and I hold M. Lemaître as security. He can not leave my place until I have been paid." And the pawnbroker was telling the truth. The director had to pay this amount before he could get his star. Lemaître and the pawnbroker divided the spoils.

Professor Zakharin, one of the most celebrated doctors in Russia, who was in attendance on the Czar, is an original character, whose fears of eccentricity have added to his fame. When the state of the Emperor became alarming, the Governor of Moscow received from St. Petersburg a telegram ordering him to send Dr. Zakharin without delay. The Governor despatched his aide-de-camp to him. "In two hours," said the officer, "the express train will start." "The express? What do you mean?" exclaimed the professor. "The Emperor is ill, and you talk to me about a train leaving in two hours! Go to the railway manager, and command him to get a special train for me in twenty minutes." It was done.

Four gloomy and weary Princeton men boarded a Philadelphia train after Saturday's game, and selected one corner of a quiet car, where they could ride undisturbed by the shouts of the victors. They had ridden only a short distance when a crowd of jubilant Pennsylvanians burst into the other end of the car and filled it with their shouts and songs. The Princetonians held a hurried consultation, and finally one arose and walked determinedly to the other end of the car. To the outsiders a fight seemed imminent, but the Princeton man simply said, "Boys, my wife is very ill, and if you could make just a little less noise I would esteem it a great favor." The shouting ceased, and soon after the Pennsylvanians left for another car, while a suspicious brown bottle passed around among the four gloomy men.

When Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man. This man conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident. So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon Church, and told his desires. The prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg, but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears, and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.

Some time ago, when Henry Irving was in Edinburgh, a Scotch clergyman came and informed him that he was to attend the theater that week for the first time in his life, to see one of the Lyceum productions. Irving felt duly flattered, and so expressed himself; but the divine, after a certain amount of stammering, confessed that he did not wish to see a play in which there was a ballet. Irving, greatly puzzled, informed him that there was no dancing in the plays he was then producing, but that, according to the slang of the "profession," the supernumeraries of both sexes were "the ballet," and hence probably arose his visitor's mistake. The worthy man's face beamed, and he took an affectionate leave of his host; but at the door he was seized with misgivings and suddenly demanded, pointing blank: "If there is no ballet, Mr. Irving, why do people talk so much about your legs?" Irving's answer has not been chronicled.

An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski, the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit and looking solemnly over the audience, the revivalist said: "I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up." One old woman, apparently on the shady side of sixty, stood up. "Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher. The woman did so; whereupon Jones said, "Now turn around and let this audience see the best-looking woman in the country." After taking her seat, the revivalist addressed the men: "Now I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up." Twenty-seven big, strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with alacrity. "Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys," Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in

front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said: "I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the State of Tennessee."

Fisherman Jim's Kids.

Fisherman Jim lived on the hill
With his little wife and his little boys;
Twas "Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will—
Naught we seek of your cold and noise!"
For happy and warm was his an' his,
And he dangled his kids upon his knees
To the song of the sea.

Fisherman Jim would sail all day,
But when night came upon the sands
His little kids ran from their play,
Crying to him as 'twere their hands;
Though the wind was fresh and the sea was high,
He'd hear 'em—ye bet—above the roar
Of the waves on the shore!

Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky,
And never a kid saw he at play;
And he listened in vain for the welcoming cry:
In his little house he learned it all,
And he clonched his hands and he bowed his head—
"The fever!" they said.

Twas a pitiful time for Fisherman Jim
With them darlin' a-dyin' afore his eyes,
A-stretchin' their wee hands out to him,
An' a-breakin' his heart with the old-time cries
He had heard so often upon the sands,
For they thought they were his little boat ashore—
Till they spoke no more.

But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,
Castin' his nets an' sailin' the sea,
As a man will live when his heart is gone.
Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly,
Till once in three years they came an' said:
"Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—
Go to him quick!"

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:
"It's a long, long cruise—ye understand—
But over beyond the ragin' sea
I kin see my boys on the shilin' sand
Waitin' to help this ol' hulk ashore
Just as they used to—ah, make, ye know!
In the long ago."

No, sir; he wasn't afraid to die;
For all night long he seemed to see
His little boys of the days gone by
An' to hear sweet voices forgot by me!
An' 't was as the mornin' sun came up—
"They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried,
An' so he died.

Fashionable Anniversaries.

An account of numerous enquiries I have arranged a series of hints on the various wedding anniversaries which are usually commemorated. The invention of crepe-paper has done much to establish the observance of the Paper Wedding, for it has increased tenfold the variations possible in decoration and in presents. Moreover, these paper novelties are so inexpensive that no one can have scruples about issuing invitations which would suggest such gifts. There is no special stationery for the paper wedding. An invitation similar to that which would be issued for any reception or dinner is correct form. All such invitations should be issued two weeks before the affair is to take place. At present, fashion gives preference to an afternoon reception for all anniversary weddings, the time being usually from four to six o'clock. The afternoon tea-table decorated in appropriate style, the menu differing in no way from any afternoon entertainment, with the exception of the wedding-cake, is the correct form of hospitality to offer. In this, as at other times, money is lavished upon accessories, not upon food. The wedding-cake should contain a ring, and should be cut by the hostess, as at the wedding reception itself. For the paper wedding, paper should be used for lambrequins, curtains, table covers, and scarfs, lamp shades, etc. The bed-rooms set apart for the use of the guests should have paper drapery on the bed and dressing-table. Care must be taken that these flimsy hangings do not come in contact with a flame. The possibilities of variety in the selection of presents for a paper wedding are unlimited. The paper novelties will suggest themselves; but besides these there are books, magazines, music, maps, pictures (etchings, engravings or photographs), stationery (including cards), address and memorandum books, tickets and subscriptions for library fees or for the theater or travel, stocks, bonds, the deed of a house or an insurance policy (a pre-eminent suitable gift from a husband to his wife). For those poor in purse but rich in love there is the love letter, which each may write the other, and there is little doubt that it will be more precious than any which preceded it.

The silver wedding is indeed a time for rejoicing. It is the pause at the top of the mountain, when husband and wife are in full possession of strength, power and happiness. It is often the time set for the marriage of a son or daughter, who starts in life with the hope that the same good fortune which has attended the parents may follow him or her. Invitations for the silver wedding are printed in silver. They should always bear the two dates and names of husband and wife, for after twenty-five years many acquaintances have been formed who might not know the wife's family. All presents must be of silver. This is imperative. They should be marked either with the dates or with the words "Silver Wedding," and a motto expressive of congratulations or of love and fidelity may be added if desired. A husband recently gave his wife twenty-five silver dollars fresh from the mint as a special souvenir of the day. It is doubtful whether these coins will ever pass into circulation.

For the golden wedding ceremony relaxes. The invitations should be similar to those issued for the silver, but printed, of course, in gold. The presents need not be representative, but may consist of anything suitable for a gift to elderly persons. Little should be expected of those in whose honor this anniversary is celebrated, and the love and esteem of friends may best be shown by forethought and care exercised to guard them against fatigue and excitement. The notices should not subject them to the necessity of a general reception or an elaborate dinner. A brief call from intimate friends, and the forwarding of congratulations by others, are the best taste on the part of those invited.

As to dress on all these occasions, from the paper wedding to the golden, the wife should wear some article which was worn on her wedding-day. The gown is seldom available, but laces, a fan, or even a handkerchief, are kept many years.

"I want to see the man who accepted my poem." "He's out." "He is?" "Yes; ten dollars!"

set in tubs or pails or other wooden receptacles, the removal of all table covers and scarfs, and a service of wooden plates, dishes and trays. For this last, meat and pasty boards are frequently brought into requisition. The gifts for a wooden wedding range from a box of matches to a grand piano, a yacht, or a carriage. They include exquisite novelties in Swiss carving, and furniture of all kinds. A highly valued gift presented to a lady, a few years ago was a cross set in gold. The wood of which it was made, and of whose genuineness there could be no question, had formed part of the central block of the mantel in the room in which Shakespeare was born. There are many bits of wood hallowed by association which could be similarly utilized. They could be made into ornaments for desk or table, or mounted handsomely for personal use.

The invitations for a tin wedding are stamped from an engraved plate upon thin cards of rolled tin. These impressions are not usually linked, though colors may be employed if desired. The re-introduction of a pliable material adds to the variety of decoration for unique *boutonnieres*, and bouquets of tin flowers may be purchased. Tin flowers are not so ugly as might be supposed, and if one cared to go to the expense they could be enameled, when they would form beautiful souvenirs of the occasion. The horn of plenty is a favorite device for flower-holders. When used, natural flowers should fall from it in careless profusion upon the cloth. A small horseshoe set off an afternoon tea table. Tin plates, tin cups, and tin pans for dishes naturally suggest themselves; but it may be well to remind the uninitiated that such accessories are only for the mock feast, which is always to be supplemented by one served in a manner more conducive to appetite.

With the crystal wedding there is a sudden rise in the value of suitable gifts, and this naturally arouses a delicacy with some about sending out invitations. The words "No presents" are of good intent, but their use is not considered good form. It is an instance of protesting too much. A neat design for the crystal wedding notification is the initials of the husband and those of the wife before she was married, placed in raised letters sprinkled with diamond powder, the scroll-work surrounding the letters beginning with the original date, and ending with that of the anniversary year. Diamond-powder may be freely used in household decorations, and glass should everywhere be made prominent.

The china and linen wedding deserves to be more universally observed, for it can be made more picturesque and enjoyable without the ostentatious display of its immediate predecessor. The invitation should bear the design of a china plate stamped in colors. This is considered the most tasteful, and Dresden china is generally used as models for the die. The combination of china and linen renders it possible to pay friends the compliment of sending one's own handiwork, whether it be of needle or brush, and to bestow gifts of a value proportionate to one's means.

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"I want to see the man who accepted my poem." "He's out." "He is?" "Yes; ten dollars!"

About a Queen Child.

A pretty little story about Her Majesty Wilhelmina, the girl-Queen of Holland, has just found its way into the Dutch papers. The Queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life. Her mother, the Queen-Regent, therefore thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severely with Wilhelmina's little ways.

Lately, the young Queen, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked—not, perhaps, in the most dignified fashion—at the door of the room in which the Queen-Regent was engaged. "Who is there?" "It is the Queen of Holland!" (imperiously). "Then she must not enter" (peremptorily). At this rebuff the little Queen suddenly changed her tactics, and softening her tones, said wistfully: "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you."

"You may come in."

And so Wilhelmina wins her way into the heart of the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen.

It's Time That Tells.

New-Fangled Ideas Don't Count For Much After All

People are going ahead as rapidly in life that they are likely to run rough shod over health—Timely words of advice to all—Stick to what you know is legitimate.

One good way to test the merit of a preparation advertised to benefit health is to look carefully into its record. In times like the present, when there are so many worthless preparations in the market and so many new schemes for making money questionably, you will do wisely if you buy only a preparation which has stood the test of time.

Another important thing is to look out for secret compounds. It is unfortunate that the laws of nature make it impossible many times to trace the origin of many vegetable concoctions, for the medical world might be able to expose their worthlessness. But it may be well for Scott's Emulsion, however, that the laws are as they are, for Scott's Emulsion can say that it is one of the few preparations whose ingredients cannot be concealed and whose formula is endorsed by the whole medical world.

In these days of worthless mixtures, Scott's Emulsion stands out conspicuously. It has honesty back of it, the endorsement of physicians all around it, remarkable curative properties in it and permanent cures ahead of it. For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has been growing in public favor until it is now a popular remedy in almost every country of the world. Its growth has been somewhat remarkable when viewed on the surface, and still it is only natural, for Scott's Emulsion is the natural outcome of many human complaints.

Scott's Emulsion presents the curative and wonderful nourishing properties of Cod-liver Oil within the reach of everybody. It is natural to take plain Cod-liver Oil, as it is in a form that takes the stomach, and yet for a person who is wasting to go without Cod-liver Oil is to refuse the very thing which is the best adapted to wasting conditions.

Scott's Emulsion really has over fifty years back of it, for all the plain oil taken for thirty years before Scott's Emulsion was made had to be made exactly like Scott's Emulsion before it could be assimilated. So Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of preparing the oil for assimilation and it also aids the digestion of other food.

Loss of appetite, loss of flesh, loss of strength and general physical vigor, are speedily overcome by Scott's Emulsion. These ailments usually mark a decline of health. Unless a nourishment especially adapted to overcoming this condition of wasting is taken, the patient goes from bad to worse, and Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia and other forms of disease surely result.

Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary specific. Besides soothing and curative properties which are useful in curing Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Inflammation of Throat and Lungs, it also contains the vital principles of nourishment. A little Scott's Emulsion given to babies or children does more to the making of solid bones and healthy flesh than all of their ordinary food. Babies who do not thrive soon grow chubby and bright on Scott's Emulsion, and children who are thin and have the appearance of growing too fast do not seem as though they could grow fast enough.

To consumptives Scott's Emulsion is life itself. There are thousands of cases on record where Scott's Emulsion has actually cured quite advanced stages of this dreadful disease. Coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, weak lungs and all of the phases of emaciation and decline of the health, are cured by Scott's Emulsion when all other methods of treatment fail. For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents and one dollar. Pamphlet free on application to Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

"Woman will be famed as well as man!" she ejaculated as she threw down the book. "Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."

Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to consumption or scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

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When falls the rain and winds are blowing I do not feel, I do not care,
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The rain may fall as from a fountain And turn the fields into a pool,
The east wind whistles o'er the mountain, I wear Rigby, I'm no fool.

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"What do you write?" "Letters to the governor."

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NERVOUS DISEASES

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN
NERVOUS DISEASES

May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIRS,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines.
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PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U. S. A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I have been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

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This well-known restaurant, having recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed.
Telephone 1080. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

The Man Who "Bested" Sherlock Holmes.

"I don't care what you say," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "my opinion is that Sherlock Holmes will be as great a favorite with posterity as Pickwick or Count Fosco, or anybody else you can name in fiction."

"Boh! Rot!" replied my friend, "Don't libel posterity in that reckless manner; it never did you any harm, and the poor body cannot speak for itself. And why should you imagine it will be so easily imposed upon?"

"But look at his unique individuality—his wonderful reasoning powers," I retorted.

"Unique and wonderful fiddle-de-dee! I could tell you a story which might somewhat alter your opinions."

My friend Anderson was a particularly smart private detective, specially retained by a burglary insurance company, and I gave him credit for speaking with a touch of professional jealousy. Still, he had brought off some clever captures, and exposed a few people who had attempted to defraud his company, so I was compelled to regard him as an authority. I invited him to proceed with this wonderful yarn of his.

Well—he began—I was just putting the finishing touches to my breakfast one lovely morning—it was the beginning of July—when I heard the sound of wheels in the street, and looking through the window I saw a neat little dog-cart pull up at my own door. The driver got down and rang the bell, and a minute later my servant brought in a letter, which I opened. It was brief, and ran as follows:

"LUTON SQUARE, E.—
5th July, 1892.

"DEAR SIR—I shall be glad to see you as early as possible. A burglary was committed at my house last night or early this morning, and very valuable property stolen. If you can make it convenient to accompany the bearer, so much the better.

"Yours faithfully,
"J. H. McDONALD."

"The driver is to wait for an answer, sir," my servant reminded me as I stared at the letter.

"Say I will be with him in less than five minutes," I replied. So I finished my breakfast, and after referring to the directory for information respecting McDonald, who was, it appeared, a retired army captain, I went downstairs and entered the dog-cart.

On arriving at Luton square I was shown into the drawing-room and the captain joined me almost before I was seated. I noticed that his agitation was very great.

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson," he said, giving me his hand; "I am exceedingly obliged by your prompt compliance with my wishes and I trust—but before going any farther, may I ask if you have any objection to working, if necessary, with a fellow expert in matters of this kind?"

"None whatever," I answered; "who is he?"

"A Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said; "I understand he is a specialist?"

"He is a remarkably clever man," I replied. "Then perhaps you will kindly follow me," he said; and he led the way to the dining-room and unlocked the door.

"You see," he explained, "I thought I'd better look the room up, so that nothing could be disturbed until your arrival."

"Morning, Kitty, darling," interrupted a voice, the exact counterpart of the captain's, finishing with the unmistakable sound of a kiss; then, "How are you, papa?" in a feminine voice. A moment's reflection convinced me that it was a parrot speaking, and, looking up, I found my surmise to be correct.

"Ah, Poll, old woman," returned the captain, and motioning me to be seated he began: "First of all, Mr. Anderson, my small household consists of six persons—myself, my wife, my daughter Kate, a cook, a general servant and the driver who brought you here. The three servants have been in my employ for years, and I would trust them with untold gold. Now, then. Yesterday afternoon I received from Messrs. H— & C—, jewelers, of Bond street, a brooch set with a particularly precious stone—precious to me and of priceless value by reason of old associations and circumstances connected with it; but I need not trouble you with them. The intrinsic value of the gem may not be worth more than five hundred pounds, and that of its setting perhaps another thirty."

"Keep your hair on, old chap," said the parrot.

"S—sh, Poll! Well," continued the captain, "I showed the brooch to my daughter only, for it was to be a surprise gift to my dear wife, on her birthday, and such a gift as she would prefer to anything this world contains, simply on account of the associations I hinted at just now. After hearing Kitty's rapturous expressions as to its beauty, and her assurance that for a similar present on her twenty-first birthday she would be as agreeably surprised as I could desire, I locked up the trinket in a private drawer of that cabinet in the corner. On coming downstairs this morning the first thing I did was to go to the cabinet, to feast my eyes with a sight of the brooch, for I had been strangely anxious about it up to going to sleep, and had driven myself to dreaming of it, I suppose, by my anxiety; and ugly dreams they were, too, and you would fully appreciate my anxiety if you were acquainted with the history of the gem, and how it has been endeared to us for a quarter of a century. Mr. Anderson,"—and his voice quivered—"imagine my dismay, my agony, when on opening the drawer I found it was empty! The brooch was gone!"

"The brooch, the brooch," muttered the parrot.

"I cannot describe my feelings at my loss, and though I am not a rich man, I will willingly pay five hundred pounds for the recovery of the brooch."

"I will examine the cabinet, with your permission," I said, and as I rose for the purpose of crossing the room the bird broke forth with: "Keep your hair on, old boy" (this in the voice of the driver). "Cook, how are we for butter? Pretty Poll!" The last two remarks in the sweet, feminine tones imitated previously; then in a delicious drawl: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

"A very clever bird that," I remarked casually.

"She is a wonderful talker and mimic," he replied, and was instantly absorbed in my examination of the lock of the secret drawer.

Here the servant entered with a visiting card. "Tell the gentleman I will be with him immediately," and as the servant left the room the captain said:

"It's Holmes, so perhaps you'll excuse me for a short time. I'll explain things to him, and bring him in to you; in the meantime, make whatever examination you like."

He had no sooner gone than I made a complete and exhaustive examination of all that I considered bore on the case, but without result.

"Keep your hair on, old boy! Ain't it 'ot? Woa!"

All this was in the driver's voice, rendered with phonographic accuracy, even to the slight cockney accent, and as I looked up at the bird, and saw its head on one side and its eye fixed upon me so comically, it flashed across me all at once that it might possibly know something of the brooch.

I was lost in admiration of the parrot, when Captain McDonald came into the room with Holmes, whom he introduced to me. Holmes was dressed in boating flannels, and looked more like a middle-aged tradesman out for the day than one of the smartest detectives in London.

"I have given Mr. Holmes the particulars I have given you," explained the captain, as Holmes went to the cabinet and repeated my performance.

"Is there anything you would like to know before I leave the room?"

"Nothing just yet," said my colleague.

"Just two questions," I put in; "first, was the parrot in the cage when you were putting the brooch away?"

"Oh, yes," answered the captain. And Holmes smiled.

"Did you leave the room for a single moment?" I asked.

"No, I simply opened the two drawers, deposited the brooch, locked them up, and went straight to bed."

"Thank you," I said, "that is all I require," and as he left the room I turned to see what Holmes was doing. He had done with the locks of the drawers, and was engaged at the window, and looking mighty puzzled, I can tell you, when the parrot asked:

"What're you staring at?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle Psittacus Erithacus," said Holmes, "you are very inquisitive this morning."

"And very insulting, too," I remarked; "she called me stupid just now."

"She is a very intelligent bird," he returned sarcastically.

"All right, my friend," I thought, "we shall soon see who is the stupid party. If you can come to any different conclusion from the one I have arrived at, you are cleverer than I give you credit for being."

Holmes was on the floor looking for footmarks on the velvet pile carpet; but his microscope showed none. Then he took a good look at every inch of the apartment. He walked to the fireplace, then to the door, and finished by re-examining the two locks of the drawers. After this he opened his pocket-knife and began trimming his nails.

"There is a gorgeous simplicity about this affair," remarked Holmes, "and what the captain tells me makes that simplicity colossal in its gorgeousness. Here we are told that a valuable knick-knack has been stolen; we see for ourselves that no entry has been made from outside; we both know, I think, that the thief must be on the premises, and yet we are told distinctly that we are not to suspect them."

"Keep your hair on," screamed the parrot.

"Confound your noise!" cried Holmes angrily.

"You must remember one thing," Holmes continued, "and that is that his daughter is very much taken up with the bauble and expressed a wish to possess one like it. There is only one person for it, Anderson, and Miss Kate McDonald is the thief. And here goes. Yesterday the captain pacing the terrace like a caged lion; I'll be back in a jiffy."

I took my head in my hands to have a good, square think before he returned; I went over the simple facts of the case again, but all to no purpose.

The next things I remember were hearing the parrot talking in its cage above me, and the captain and Holmes talking as they came along the hall. The words the parrot said are as indelibly photographed on the tablets of my memory as if it had taken them down in shorthand, with an acid which bit in every syllable.

The parrot said, in the captain's voice:

"Brooch, precious brooch; safer, wouldn't look there. Safe: billiard-table pocket; ha, ha! safe—brooch."

"My coachman!" the captain was saying indignantly, "Why, the fellow would lay down his life for me."

"Then there is only one other person for it," said Holmes decisively, as they reached the dining-room door.

"And that one?" demanded the captain, turning upon Holmes as they entered.

The latter was slightly pale, but cool.

"Captain, the purloiner of the lost brooch is your—"

He got no farther. Up to this point I had listened as in a dream. I heard, but was unable

GAS FIXTURES

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FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

to speak. I was stunned by the lightning flash which laid bare the whole mystery, and the after-clap was still ringing in my ears. But I roused myself in time to save Holmes' reputation!

"Allow me, captain," I hurriedly interrupted, and casting an imploring look at my colleague: "I have made an important discovery since Mr. Holmes left the room. Will you please conduct us to the billiard-room?"

I felt instinctively that the mystery would be cleared up there. The parrot could not have uttered those pregnant words without hearing them from some person, nor could it have repeated another person's words in the captain's voice, or vice versa. It was evident to me that McDonald's uneasiness had caused him to get up in his sleep and—well, I was prepared to go "nap" on the rest. On reaching the billiard room, I said:

"Mr. McDonald, will you oblige me by feeling in the pockets on that side of the table?"

"He did, but it was not there! Had that parrot sold me? I felt like perspiring."

"Feel in the top pocket of this side," he said.

"What the dickens, sir?" he began, after doing so.

"Now in the middle one, if you please, captain."

Holmes was excited. My heart almost stood still as the captain inserted his hand. Oh, how I watched his face! If it were not there, only one other pocket remained, and—but I was relieved of all anxiety by the wondrous change in the captain's face as his hand touched the brooch. Such a look of astonishment, joy and gratitude combined!

"Thank God!" he cried, in a voice of great emotion; and seizing my hand he wrung it warmly and long.

"Mr. Anderson," he said, after a short interval, and pulled out his cheque-book, "I never, in the whole of my life, paid money more willingly than I pay this five hundred pounds."

"Excuse me, captain," I replied, "but there is no five hundred pounds due, as there has been no burglary committed."

To say that both he and Holmes were astonished would but faintly describe their condition; they were, in the expressive phraseology of our Yankee cousins, "flabbergasted!"

"But how did you find it, Mr. Anderson? It is so—so—bless my soul, I can't understand it."

"Pardon me, sir, but we never disclose our *modus operandi*, do we, Mr. Holmes?" and I beamed a meaning smile upon the latter, which went home. "You see, Mr. McDonald, if we detectives and conjurers were to show the public how we did our tricks, we should have the profession crowded in no time, and then—"

"But this discovery was made by no trick."

"Well, well, we have all sorts of little birds telling us things, eh, Mr. Holmes?"

But Holmes did not take me, for a wonder.

"Just one question, captain, before we go; did you ever read Sylvester Sound, the Son-nambulist, by Henry Cockton?"

"A light broke upon them both."

"I have read the book, Mr. Anderson," replied the captain with a smile of anticipation.

"Well, the next time you think of going in for a little sleep-walking, I would advise you to take the same precaution as Sylvester did in attaching himself to his bedfellow," and we all laughed heartily at the recollection of the son-nambulist's ruse and its result.

"And," concluded Anderson, "that charming landscape by David Cox, hung in my den at home, was a present from the captain. What did Holmes say? I'll tell you. Ah, it was rich the way I rubbed it in."

"Anderson," said he, "I'm obliged by your kindness—the way you did it was fine; but how did you find out about the old fellow walking in his sleep?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said I, "you noticed a parrot in the room we were in, or possibly so small a thing escaped your attention?"

"Go on, old sword of Damocles," said he.

"Holmes, old chap," said I, "that parrot was, as you remarked, an intelligent bird—a very intelligent bird." And I roared at the sight of his perplexity.

I joined my friend in the boisterous laugh he was seized with at the memory of it all. But while subsequently acknowledging his smartness in taking such ready advantage of so rare an accident, I would not alter my previous estimate of the reception posterity would accord to the chronicled exploits of Sherlock Holmes.—Joseph Baron in Tit-Bits.

Like Most Mashers.

An amusing story is going the rounds about a certain actor, who shall be nameless, but who imagines himself a lady-killer. This artist, whom we will call Y, is a member of a club to which a fellow actor, Z, also belongs. Y's letters were put in the Z box, and Z, without looking at the address, opened one by mistake. It was a letter from a tailor of the usual character. Shocked at his mistake, Z hastily revealed the letter and put it in the Y box. Soon afterwards Y came in, opened the letter, glanced triumphantly around and exclaimed, "Silly little girl."

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He Invested only Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

There is a man who has spent the past twenty-five years of his life exploring for gold and other minerals in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania and New Zealand. He has no doubt picked up some money, yet he says that the investment of seven shillings and sixpence brought him in bigger returns than any other he had ever made.

Yet, hold on a minute. Don't let us jump to the conclusion that we can all get rich out of the proceeds of seven shillings and sixpence till we hear further from this financier. He has a humorous way of putting a serious thing, for which we should like him all the more. Some folk have no idea that sound sense and genuine fun are twin brothers, but they are all the same.

Our friend's name is William Bromfield Peck, and he lives at Russell, New Zealand, a long way off. He says it is a lovely country and intends to stay in it the balance of his days. As he landed in Australia, from England, in 1866, he has been there long enough to know what he is talking about. He advises persons of limited means who would like to become small landholders to emigrate to New Zealand.

Still, he reminds us that in the end we must pay for what we get. "The calling of a prospector, for instance," said Mr. Peck, "is full of hard work. Besides, it entails rough living, such as salt junk, soddened damper, with tea in buckets. One must have the digestive capacity of an ostrich or an anaconda to stand that diet for long. It must therefore be taken as proof of the good machinery inside of my system, when I mention that I actually stood it for nearly twenty-five years."

My punishment was delayed, you see, but it didn't fall. At last the cleric came, and I was prostrated with agonising pain in the stomach and all the other symptoms of a profound derangement of all the digestive organs. I had to knock off work and cease all exertion. I was imbued with disgust with all things mundane. I *live that dyspepsia is responsible for a large portion of the world's suicides!*

Mr. Peck's conjecture is exactly parallel with the fact as set forth in the official statistics of all civilized countries. No other disease so demoralises and depresses human nature. It attacks the secret strongholds of the reason, and drives people insane; it stupefies the sensibilities; it turns men and women into selfish, useless, nuisances; it impels them to commit crime. All this in addition to their own desolation and suffering. Yes, Mr. Peck is quite right.

But to get back to what he says about himself. "At the advice of a friend—Mr. W. Williams of this place—I began to take the famous Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup. What result did it have? I'll tell you: *It has transformed me from a premature old man into one quite rejuvenated.*

"I can safely assert that the investment of 7s. 6d. in Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup was the best I ever made in all my chequered career. You may depend that I prescribe this medicine to all and sundry people I come in contact with. Prior to using it I spent pounds at different times, but only got partial relief. The Syrup seems to make straight for the seat of trouble. I pen these lines just to show other sufferers the way out. There are any number of respectable persons here who can attest to the truth of what I have written.—Respectfully (Signed) WM. BROMFIELD PECK, Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, July 2nd, 1892."

We don't call for witnesses. Mr. Peck's tale is frankness and truth itself. We hold out our hand in greeting across the sea. Dyspepsia is a living death, and Mother Selgel gives new life. Millions sing that chorus. But he had better eat slower. Write again and tell us what you are doing so, friend Peck.

Teacher—Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar-mark? Tommy—I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money.

May 2nd, 1894.

MY DEAR SIRS—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in nervous affections and rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,
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Principal of Collegiate Institute,
Coutts & Sons, St. Catharines.

Jagwell—What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud? Wigway—Oh, they've just laid a corner-stone across the street and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it.

Ladies!

WHY HAVE PALE FACES?

At anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many colorless cheeks we see at the present day.

An Anemic person may be known by a pale complexion and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits and fatigue, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation and coughs. If neglected, chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy and consumption follow.

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WORKS, 183 Richmond Street W. Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Reps, etc. Crapes renewed. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 656.

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The unceasing struggle for supremacy in almost every line of trade undoubtedly has a tendency to make dealers resort to questionable methods of business. Take, for instance, a line of high class dress goods like Priestley's which has been brought to a state of perfection and has attained popularity everywhere. As soon as the ladies insist upon having these goods and no others, it is reported that some merchants have even taken the "Varnished Board," Priestley's trade mark, out of the genuine Priestley's black dress goods or Cravenettes and wrapped inferior goods upon it for the purpose of deceiving the customer. Fortunately, however, an extra precaution was adopted by the manufacturers in stamping the name "Priestley's" and the length on every five yards, so that ladies who want these goods can be sure of getting them. These goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

She—I took you for an actor the first time I saw you. Henry de Courcy Footlights—And where was that? She—I saw you walking down Broadway with yourself.

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but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

He—Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the Troy Budget contains this item:

An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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Music.

THE beautiful theater of the Normal School was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Thursday evening of last week on the occasion of an invitation piano recital given by Miss Mary Mara and Miss Mary L. Guenther, assisted by Signor Pier De Lasco, vocalist. The programme was as follows:

1. Hummel... Sonata in E Flat, op. 18, 1st movement... Miss Guenther.
2. (a) David's Rehearsal... Romance... Miss Guenther.
3. (b) Liszt... Sonnet de Petrarca... Signor De Lasco.
4. (c) Ponce... Bar arole (Gloconda)... Signor De Lasco.
5. (d) Field... Nocturne, B Flat... Miss Guenther.
6. (e) Wagner... Love Dream, No. 2... Miss Guenther.
7. Gounod... Vulcan's Song (The Sparks Fly)... Signor De Lasco.
8. (a) Chopin... Nocturne in F, op. 15, No. 1... Miss Guenther.
9. (b) Wagner... Tannhauser March... Miss Mara.
10. Chaminade... Air de Ballet... Miss Guenther.
11. Luzzi... La Belle Lucie... Signor De Lasco.
12. (a) Sp. rhapsodie... Miss Mara.
13. (b) Sp. rhapsodie... Miss Mara.

The above programme made sufficient demands upon the ability of the young pianists to demonstrate the possession of unusual technical skill and at the same time a high order of natural talent such as is but too seldom met with. Miss Mara's solos were rendered with much breadth of style and considerable brilliancy. Her most successful numbers being perhaps Liszt's difficult transcription of the Tannhauser March and the same composer's Spazialio. Miss Guenther displayed a vivacity and delicacy of touch in her solos which lent a charm to all her efforts. Specially worth of mention was her bright rendering of Chaminade's Air de Ballet. Frequent recalls testified to the delight of the critical audience present. Both young ladies were presented with handsome floral tributes during the evening. Sig. De Lasco's splendid bass voice was heard to excellent advantage in his several solos, all his selections being enthusiastically encored. The accompaniments were admirably played by Miss Henrietta Shippe. Taken as a whole the recital reflected the highest credit upon the young ladies who arranged it, as well as upon their talented and painstaking instructor, Mr. Field. Contributions were accepted during the evening in aid of a local charity, a handsome sum being realized.

The annual reunion of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute was held on Saturday evening last at the Pavilion. The interior of the hall was decorated for the occasion by Messrs. Foster & Pender. An effective musical programme was rendered by the following artists: Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Mr. C. J. Wagner, violinist; Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist; and the University Banjo and Guitar Club, under the direction of Mr. Snedley. The very inclement weather which prevailed, affected the attendance somewhat, nevertheless an audience of fully six hundred people attended.

Mr. F. H. Torrington's pupils, piano, organ and vocal, gave an interesting recital at the College of Music on Thursday of last week in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The vocalists were Mrs. McGann, soloist of the Lady of Lourdes church; Miss Herson, soloist of St. Michael's cathedral choir; Miss Louise McKay, soloist Metropolitan church choir, and Messrs. Johnson (tenor) and Burt (bass), each of whom sang with credit to themselves and their master. The piano department was represented by Misses McLaughlin, Landell, Turner and Bastedo, whose work both in the solo and ensemble numbers gave every indication of careful study supported by real musical talent. An organ solo, Freyer's Concert Fantasia, was played by Master A. Jordan, a talented young organist whose playing gives much promise for the future. The piano pupils were assisted in the Hummel and Reissiger trios by Mrs. Adamson, violinist and Mr. Ruth, cellist of the College faculty.

The first concert of the Mendelssohn Choir will be held on January 15 in Massey Music Hall. An attractive programme has been arranged for the occasion, including a number of standard motettes, part-songs, etc., by the choir and Jensen's charming choral ballad, The Feast of Adonis, in which the solo numbers will be taken by the brilliant young soprano, Mme. Lillian Blauevelt of New York, who was the popular favorite at the Massey Festival in June last, and whose exquisite singing on the appearance of the Damrosch Orchestra in this city several years ago will long be remembered by our concert goers. The Beethoven Trio of Toronto have also been engaged to assist. Subscriptions are being received in large numbers and from present indications one of the largest audiences of the season is likely to be present on the occasion of the debut of the society. Mr. J. Lewis Browne, editor of the *Canadian Musician*, in the November issue of that journal writes as follows concerning the chorus: "I dropped into the hall where the Mendelssohn Choir were rehearsing the other evening and was truly edified with the great excellence of the work which was entirely unaccompanied. The quality of tone was equal to anything I have heard in many years and Mr. Vogt is to be congratulated upon the result of his able and enthusiastic labors with his truly splendid chorus. I predict a great success for them at their first concert."

Mr. Blakeley's next popular organ recital, which takes place this afternoon at four o'clock, will take the form of a programme of National Hymns, including the patriotic songs and hymns of Great Britain, Germany, France, America, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Russia, and concluding with a Rhapsodie and *Finale* on Canadian airs. The transcriptions, arrangements, etc., to be used on this occasion have been specially prepared by Mr. Blakeley personally.

The Toronto Scottish Quartette, composed of Miss Maggie Huston, soprano, Miss May Flower, contralto, Mr. Thomas J. Scott, tenor, and Mr. A. E. Gilchrist, basso, made its debut in Association Hall on Thursday evening of

last week, in the presence of a select audience. The quartette is made up of a very effective combination of voices, several of the members being well known local concert soloists. Their work on this occasion gave much promise of future artistic excellence. For a first appearance the ensemble was highly creditable, and with continued rehearsals and diligent study one may safely predict that this quartette will attain a proficiency in the fine effects of shading, blending and precision which will constitute it a standard concert attraction in the special class of music they have undertaken. In their capacity of soloists the members of the quartette were enthusiastically received by the audience. Miss Maggie Huston, who was heartily encored, specially deserves mention for her artistic rendering of The Auld Scotch Songs. Miss Huston possesses a mezzo soprano voice of rich and mellow quality. Her intonation is admirable and her general style musical in a high degree. An encore was accorded Mr. Scott's excellent interpretation of Willie's Gane to Melville Castle. Mr. Scott also sang with equally good effect with Miss Huston in the duet O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast. Miss Flower and Mr. Gilchrist were also warmly applauded in their solo numbers. The quartette was assisted by Miss Josephine Macpherson of New York, elocutionist, Miss Annie McKay acted as pianist and accompanist during the evening, playing her solo number and the accompaniments with much skill and judgment throughout. The concert was under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and the officers of the Forty-Eighth Highlanders.

Mons. Eugene Ysaye, who appears in the Pavilion on Dec. 18, has been creating a sensation in the different cities across the border in which he has appeared since his arrival on this continent. The demand for his services is so great that managers who have been so fortunate as to secure a contract are being offered large sums for release of dates. The critical notices which have appeared in the great New York



Ysaye
The Great Violinist.

dailies are unanimous as to the artistic standing of this wonderful violinist, many unreservedly asserting that he has no living superior. M. Ysaye will be assisted by Miss Theodora Pfafflin, soprano; Harry M. Field, pianist; the Beethoven Trio, Messrs. Field, Klingensfeld and Ruth, and Sig. Guisepe Dinelli, accompanist. The plan is now open at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

I have received from the secretary treasurer of the Western Ontario Union Choir Excursion, which was held at Sarnia in July last, a financial statement of the event. The total receipts in commissions from the different railways, members fees, etc., footed up to \$1,427.16. The total expenses were \$1,425.02, leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of \$2.14. The secretary has received a number of letters from prominent musicians of Toronto, Hamilton and London, expressing the hope that the idea would be carried out further, and intimating their sympathy with the aims of the union, and their willingness to co-operate in ensuring a greater success for the next gathering than has yet been attained in the past. Great credit is due Mr. C. A. Winter of Waterloo, secretary of the United Choirs, for his untiring and unselfish efforts in the interests of the organization.

Miss Annie Louise Klingner, late soprano soloist of St. James's cathedral choir, has accepted a similar position in the choir of St. James's square Presbyterian church.

A very successful concert was given in Peterborough on Tuesday evening of last week, under the auspices of Mr. A. F. Hoover of that town. A delightful programme was rendered by the artists engaged for the occasion, namely, Herr Yunc, violinist, of Detroit; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone, of Toronto; Mrs. Martin Murphy, soprano, of Hamilton, and Mrs. H. M. Blight of Toronto, pianist and accompanist.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, assisted by his vocal and elocution pupils, gave a most enjoyable recital at the Asylum on Tuesday evening last. Vocal solos were rendered by the following talented pupils: Misses Paterson, Gunn, Ritchie, Watson, Millicamp and Mr. Corly. Miss Mary Gunn and Miss Sargent contributed several recitations in admirable style and the programme as a whole was pronounced one of the best ever offered at the Asylum.

An organ recital was given at Orillia on Friday evening of last week in connection with the opening services of the Methodist church of that town, and the formal opening of the new pipe organ erected for the church by Messrs. E. Lye & Sons of Toronto. An immense audience was in attendance, the church being crowded to the doors, many hundreds being turned away unable to gain admittance. The organist for the occasion, Mr. A. S. Vogt of Toronto, played a programme, embracing compositions by Bach, Wagner, Beethoven, Gounod, Spinnay and other composers. Several numbers were also contributed by the efficient choir of the church, under the leadership of

Mr. C. E. Wainwright, assisted by Mr. E. Lye, tenor, and Mr. A. Lye, organist, both of Toronto. The organ gave universal satisfaction, its tone and general construction being artistic in every detail. Following is the specification: Great Organ—1. Open diapason, 8 ft.; 2. dulciana, 8 ft.; 3. stop'd diap. bass, 8 ft.; 4. stop'd diapason treble, 8 ft.; 5. clarabella, 8 ft.; 6. harmonic flute, 4 ft.; 7. principal, 4 ft.; 8. fluted, 2 ft.; 9. trumpet, 8 ft.; 10. clarionette, 8 ft.; 11. Swell Organ—1. Lieblich gedackt, 16 ft.; 2. open diapason, 8 ft.; 3. viol di gamba, 8 ft.; 4. Lieblich gedackt treble, 8 ft.; 5. Lieblich gedackt bass, 8 ft.; 6. aeoline, 8 ft.; 7. octave, 4 ft.; 8. piccolo, 2 ft.; 9. mixture, 2 rank; 20. oboe, 8 ft.; 21. bassoon, 8 ft. Pedal Organ—22. Open diapason, 16 ft.; 23. bourdon, 16 ft. Mechanical registers sw. to gt.; sw. to ped.; gt. to ped. Pedal movements, piano to gt.; forte to gt.; piano to sw.; forte to sw.; reversible to gt. to ped.; tremolo to swell. The case is of polished chestnut, surmounted by thirty-nine speaking front pipes, handsomely illuminated in gold and colors. The bellows are operated by a hydraulic motor. MODERATO.

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A copy of SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER has been received from the Postoffice requiring better directions. It is addressed, "Mrs. Matilda Sandford, 29 Reynolds Avenue, Harrison." Will the sender please call at this office?

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At Three O'Clock, p. m.

When the Annual Statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

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Our Weekly Original Story

The Nymph of the Plains.

T WAS Sunday afternoon. My cousins, according to the laws of the good book, had laid aside all work, donned their best suits and stiff shirts, taken two of my best novels and prepared to spend the afternoon perusing their pages under the big shade tree in front of the house.

That ends all thought of them. I can amuse myself or not be amused just as I pleased, I thought, as I observed their actions.

I cast my eyes about the place, but finding nothing to interest myself, I seized my hat and struck off, down the path, through the fields for a ramble, Roger, the shaggy collie dog belonging to my cousins, being my only companion. I sauntered along, my eyes resting lazily first on one object, then another, and my thoughts, drifting about in the same fashion, until at last I came to a full stop in the shade of a large tree that marked the farthest boundary of the corn-field.

Here I lay down to rest myself and soon fell asleep. I had not slept more than a few minutes, so it seemed to me, when I was rudely awakened by the sound of a horse coming toward me at a full gallop. I sprang hurriedly to my feet and looked in the direction of the sound.

A short way off I observed what appeared to be a thick cloud of dust, but on a nearer view I made out the form of a horse and rider coming towards me at an extraordinary pace for such a warm day. The evident haste of the rider aroused by curiosity to such a pitch that I moved forward to meet him. On closer inspection I was rather startled and my interest and speed increased wonderfully, for before me, seated on a fine bay horse, was a very excited, yet for all, very pretty young lady. Her face was rosy-red from the exertion, and on catching sight of me she seemed half inclined to turn around and be off.

However, something about me seemed to reassure her, so riding a little closer she called out in a sweet, clear voice, that grated strangely on my ears.

"Oh, sir, are you John or Thomas Wesley?"

"No, madam," I answered. "I am Peterkin Wesley, their cousin, but still totally at your service."

She straightened up in her saddle and gazed at me in a very critical manner. For fully a minute she sat thus, looking most temptingly pretty as one blush chased the other across her troubled face and lost itself in the folds of her silken hair. Really I was becoming very romantic despite the fact that I had sworn to leave females strictly alone.

At length she saw fit to break the spell by which she held me and smiling asked:

"Can you ride fast?"

"Well, I can try mighty hard," I answered, bound to be in anything that she might have on hand.

"Go back then to the Wesley's farm as quickly as possible and get a horse and gun; mind do not forget the gun and bring the Wesley boys too. I will wait you here."

I was rather taken back at this simple commission, but being always somewhat over-ready to plunge into adventure, I hurried back to the house, Roger the collie, running along at my heels.

On reaching the house I found with a sort of secret satisfaction that the brothers were away and though I hallooed a couple of times yet there came no answering shout.

I ran into the shed, got Jack's repeating rifle and some cartridges, then mounting one of the horses was soon on my way back to my lady friend.

At first I could not see her for the tall waving corn, but on rounding the field I was greatly relieved to find her still there trotting her horse up and down, meanwhile casting impatient glances in the direction of the farm.

On seeing me coming back alone she frowned, which prompted me to explain the reason, my cousins' absence.

"Are you ready?" she called.

"Yes," I answered.

"Come on, then," and suddenly whirling her horse about, she was off like a shot, leaving me to follow as best I could.

I felt myself a fool on some fool's errand, and many times I had made up my mind to turn back, but just when I was about to apply my thoughts my leader would twist her pretty head and beckon me on. We must have ridden five miles or more without a word being spoken, when over the brow of a small hill, I beheld a cottage in the distance. It was situated near a little scrubby bush which encircled a marshy pond or river. On catching sight of the house my fair guide leapt from her steed, bidding me do the same, and proceeded very cautiously towards the open front door. I followed her example, and on arriving nearer I could hear the coarse voices of men raised in a brutal laugh as one of their number repeated a line of poetry.

I now began to catch the drift of what the girl wanted me to do, as I slipped up to the door as quietly and noiselessly as possible, and peered in. The room was very richly furnished for a prairie farmhouse, and everything went to show that the occupants were not the ordinary people of the plains. A small table stood in the center of the room, around which sat three very evil looking tramps, each drinking out of a flask in his turn as it was passed from one to the other, and talking very loud and boisterously meanwhile.

At present they were quieter than usual, as a middle aged woman had begun to play very softly on a guitar. She stood at the side of the room in front of a cradle, in which lay a little babe, wrapped in dainty colored clothes.

I took in the situation at a glance, and springing to my feet I threw forward the rifle, calling as I did so, "Up with your hands or I will send a bullet amongst you."

The surprise was complete. Even the mother let the instrument fall from her hands as she started forward in affright.

My own hands were trembling with excitement, and by some slip I pressed the trigger a little strongly and off went the gun, the bullet tearing the hat off one of their heads, and ripping a great hole in the back of another's coat.

The woman gave a terrible shriek, and would



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have fallen had not my lady guide sprang into the room at that moment and caught her in her arms. The faces of the three tramps turned ashen gray in color, and they frantically claved at the air above their heads.

"Get up and get out," I commanded, or the next bullet will tear more skin than clothes. The now thoroughly frightened wanderers hurriedly made their exit through a back door and mounting a very rickety wagon drawn by a pair of very bony nags, they set off as if the hangman himself was at their heels.

With a feeling that I had done something noble, I turned, and was surprised to find that the house had disappeared, and instead I was out on the prairie at the edge of the cornfield, with Jack Wesley calling to me to put down the gun as he was not a wild duck. Yes, reader, that was a very real dream, and it gave me something to think about for the remainder of my visit. I was told afterwards that as it was supper time and I had not returned, Jack had set out to hunt me up, and on his approaching me, I had sprung to my feet and fired the gun (which had come into my possession somehow while I was asleep), point blank at him.

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Orillia, Ont.

Sayings of the Children.

A Concrete Abstraction—Teacher—An abstract noun is the name of something you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example, Tommy? Tommy—A red-hot poker.

With a Reservation—Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills, artfully concealed in it)—Well, dear, have you finished your pear? Johnny—Yes, mamma, all but the seeds.

Juvenile Skepticism—Minister—And how do you get on at Sunday-school, Billie? Billie—Pretty well; I've just learned about the whale swallowing Jonah. Minister—That's good. Billie—Yes, sir; and next Sunday I'm going to believe it.

A Retort Courteous—"Charles, you must do what I tell you. When I was a little child like you I was always good and obedient." "I'm glad to know that, mamma, and you may be sure that I'll say the same thing to my children when I have any."

Applied Irony—George—Auntie what does irony mean? Auntie—It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. George—I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony, 'Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake'?

Object Lesson on the Chair—Teacher (having directed the attention of the class to the various parts of a chair)—Of what use is the seat of a chair? Bright little girl (who knows it all)—I know. Teacher—You may tell the class. Bright little girl—To keep people from flopping on the floor.

A Choice of Weapons—A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I could not find a switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Reasoning by Analogy—A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone, little Edith, who

had been quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mother by asking, "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"

A Colored Solomon—A teacher of a Virginia district school recently asked one of her little colored pupils to go to the blackboard and write a sentence thereon containing the word "delight." George Washington Jackson went pompously to the front of the room and wrote, in a large scrawling hand, "De wind blowed so hard that it put out de light."

Speculative Mathematics—"Well, Elizabeth, you are at the head of your class, to-day. How did you manage it?" "Why, the teacher asked Mary Small how many are five and seven and she said thirteen. He said that was too many; then he asked Josephine Little and she said eleven, and that wasn't enough. So I thought I'd try twelve, and I guessed it right."

Like the Prince of Wales—An English schoolmaster promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that the teacher could not answer. One and another tried, and at last one boy asked: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."

Tommy Argues the Case—"I don't see what's the use of me being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor. "The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are eleven years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out." "Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"

Time Dragged—Little Johnny, having been invited out to dinner with his mother, was commanded not to speak at the table except when he was asked a question, and promised to obey the command. At the table no attention was paid to Johnny for a long time. He grew very impatient and restless, and his mother could see that he was having a hard time to "hold in." By and by he could stand it no longer. "Mamma!" he called out, "when are they going to begin to ask me questions?"

Tommy's Storm Signals—Rev. D. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Shackelford dwelling and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Shackelford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteous indignation and moved by a strong sense of personal ill-treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor. "Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home an' fluds supper ain't ready again, he'll raise the darnedest row ever you went anywhere."

Prayer with a Commentary—Little Mary has always been devoted to her aunt May, and prays for her each night long and fervently. One day, however, during a visit at her aunt's, the child did something wrong and had to be punished. When evening came, and she knelt at her aunt's knee to say her prayers, it was evident that the sore spot was there still. "Bless papa and mamma," began the childish voice, and then there was an ominous silence, after which the prayer was concluded with no reference to Aunt May.

"Now," remarked Miss Four-Year-Old, with flashing eyes, as she rose, "what do you think of that for a prayer?"

Aphorisms and Maxims, 1750

"For one poor person there are a hundred indigent."

"Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

"The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands."

"Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities."

"A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees."

"A child and a fool imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent."

"The second vice is lying; the first is running into debt."

"Creditors have better memories than debtors."

"Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter."

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Letter V.

PARIS is far behind. My last morning there was spent in the artist's studio in the Latin Quarter. We climbed many flights of stairs till we came to a little tiled room decorated with a motley collection of tapestry, Japanese bowls, moose-skins, Indian feathers and all the odds and ends of curios which go to make up a fascinating atelier. The room beneath was occupied by the artist's washer-woman; a gentleman at a window opposite was practicing dexterity on the trombone; at my feet a chained and miserable falcon flopped angrily. All around hung sketches, half completed pictures, lightning studies, and a big easel filled up one end of the room.

I shut my eyes, and behold I was in the Paris of David, Grieve and Elsie Delauney, of Trilby and Little Billee, of Dodd and Jim Pinkerton. All the Latin Quarter shadows that we know so well filled silently in and peopled the studio with their familiar shapes. It was exactly like becoming part and parcel of a great romance, hitherto a thing outside and impossibly distant.

We heard many tales and episodes of student life, the tragedy of the tapestry on the wall, the story of the moose-skin on the floor. It was all very nice and "booky," and we were sorry to leave the gay little studio and climb downstairs again. "Things is twisted," as Bill Nye says.

I know I am in the south of France, because I am sitting in a veritable garden of the gods, with only a couple of giant palm trees to interrupt my view of the Mediterranean. There are mountains to the height of 4,000 feet to be climbed, but as for describing the scenery, c'est impossible! Besides, who cares to read about scenery unless it be by a master hand like Clark Russell's, when you are carried away by a great imagination and can fairly see the glistening sails, and hear the swash of the cats' paws about the prow? The other day I heard an Englishman give a description of Mentone which struck me as comprehensive.

"There are big hills—the biggest you ever saw, and the watah is as blue as blazes, and the aiah runs up your nose and makes you sneeze, it's so clear, and there are wocks, and peasants and things." That does very well for me. I've seen the "wocks," and some of the peasants, but there yet remain the "things."

The "aiah" is delightful. It's vivifying and at the same time lazifying, inasmuch that, for the last fifteen minutes, I have been watching a fractious mule endeavoring to dislodge his burden of baskets and barrels. I love those mules. They are pleasant-faced, firm-willed, light-footed philosophers. I don't know why it is, but they remind me of nice old maids, determined to bear their disappointments cheerfully.

And talking of old maids reminds me that during last winter a villa here was occupied by three of them. And each old lady brought an old companion and each companion an antiquated *femme de chambre*. And how did the establishment turn out, think you? Behold there was war—red, devastating war in that camp, and e'er many moons had passed the three *femmes de chambre* mysteriously disappeared, no one knew whither, and there the spectral companions were seen no more upon the boulevard, and to-day if you wander up to that rose, embowered villa perhaps you may find a beaded mitten—all correct old maids wear mittens—or perchance a raveled piece of knitting, but the old maids, too, have melted away.

I went to see the house and, thinking of the Kilkenny cats, had a furtive peep at the clothes-line, but there were no tails, switches or otherwise, to tell of their terrible end. And the moral of this story serves to upset a ridiculous German proverb which says, "Alle gute Dinge sind Drel," because if Alle gute Dinge had been Drel—Oh! you see for yourself, don't you?

Mentone is nearly empty as yet, but our hotel boasts of a good many visitors. Among them is a Polish Countess of artistic proclivities. She is, however, *charmant*; so gay, so *chic*! Such a foot! Such diamonds! I met her to-day with her little child. The powder from her hair and face had brushed off upon the baby's pale, pinched cheek, and the poor little loveless life looked so cheerless and miserable beside her butterfly existence. "I'd like to slap her," muttered the Schoolgirl. I believe I should have liked it, too.

There's a wise and wicked old gentleman here, too, who tests his luck at Monte Carlo every season. If he wins the first day he continues. If he loses, he desists till next year. Sensible old gentleman! Don't some of them wish they had as much system as you! But that's after.

In a recent edition of the *Standard* I came across an extremely interesting lecture by Mr. Hall Caine. The spirit of prophecy was strong in the novelist, and among o'er things, he asserted that the novel of the future would be "compounded of the penny newspaper, and the Sermon on the Mount, the plainest realism and the highest idealism." It is to be hoped that this millennium of fiction is close at hand. Meanwhile we are obliged to be content with the novel without a motive, which, Mr. Caine remarks, is only a puppet-show, with the novel in which love is regarded from the "idyllic, sugar-candy point of view," with the novel which is an egotistical process, with the novel without recompense. Upon this last the novelist soared to true eloquence. He said, "I count him the greatest genius who touches the magnetic and divine chord in humanity which is always waiting to vibrate to the sublime hope of recompense; I count him the greatest who teaches that the world is ruled in righteousness."

Over one sentence of this lecture I grinned wickedly. I happened to be thinking of The Manxman and The Deemster, and I read, "It is a frightening thought that the morality of a man's book is his own morality." Although I believe Mr. Caine's motives to be of the best, what a lot of us could stir up a whirlwind, and then shelter ourselves in that nice little literary port which he calls "moral responsibility."

Apropos of novels and novelists. George

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McDonald lives at Bordighera, only a few miles from here. The weight of this world's goods do not press very heavily on him, and the story goes that he keeps his substance in an old tea-pot and is frequently heard to ask his daughter, "How is the tea-pot, Mary?"

Isn't Dodo quite as bad as Sweet Marie? I've talked her over from every conceivable point of argument. I'm tired of her, but she is what the darlings call "a hant." Mrs. Asquith's snubbing of Mr. Benson is in itself Dodoesque. Shortly after the book had made such a world-wide furor, Mr. Benson expressed his regrets that the fair Margot should have imagined herself portrayed therein. She, then, to the much criticized, much discussed author, "Oh have you written a book?"

Beatrice Harraden used to come down here for the winter. A lady who had met her described her to me as a gloomy, morose woman, eccentric in dress, and very peculiar in religious views. I think we can forgive a good deal in Miss Harraden. Genius is its own defence.

What a curious thing superstition is—it's inconvenient, too! Last night we sat down

thirteen to *table d'hôte*. Well, we "sat an' we sot, an' we kep' on a-settin'," as Widow Badott says, and no doubt we should have been sitting there now, if someone hadn't taken their courage "by the fetlock" and broken the spell by rising first. Of course that was me. Why else should this veracious narrative have been written?

I remember a young married pair on board ship being in great distress at the same occurrence, and finally changing their table at the risk of offending the captain.

Once upon a time a superstitious individual on his way to Monte Carlo, instructed his wife to throw an old shoe after him, by way of luck. This she did with such good will that she broke his nose and gave him a black eye into the bargain. But he won six hundred francs and put his good fortune down to that too emphatic shoe; which shows us how sweetly philosophy and superstition may walk in unity.

And talking of shoes reminds me of a little poem which, in company with an old boot, was hurled at the Wise Old Gentleman, by a disappointed beggar in Dublin.

"Thin its bad luck go wid yez,
Me owd shoe I toss,

An' yez niver come back
It will be no great loss!"

The Old Gentleman said it made him feel mean and worthless.

I witnessed a simple but touching manifesto to the influence of the late Czar upon a certain class of men in France. It was only a poor French artisan who was looking at a cartoon of the deathbed of the Emperor. "Hellas," he muttered, as he turned away with tears in his eyes, "Il etait magnifique."

France declares she has lost her "only friend," and nowhere, save in his own country, will the death of a great and good man be so deeply mourned.

Mentone, Dec. 1.

A Cure for Bored.

Of the Hungarian statesman, Francis Deak, it is related that he used to rid himself of troublesome visitors by telling them the following story:

"Once, when in Paris, Napoleon I. paid a visit to an hospital for old soldiers. Here he perceived among the rest a man who had lost one of his arms, and he entered into conversation with him.

"Where did you lose your arm?" asked the Emperor.

"At Waterloo, your Majesty."

"Then no doubt you curse the Emperor and your country every time you look at your mutilated limb?"

"No, indeed," protested the veteran, "for the Emperor and my native land I would readily sacrifice my other arm, if need be."

"I can hardly believe that," the Emperor quietly remarked, and passed on.

"But the soldier, anxious to prove that he was in earnest, immediately drew a sabre from its sheath and lopped off his other arm."

Here Deak would pause and fix a penetrating look on his visitor.

"Well, what have you to say of such a man and such an action?"

"A most sublime act of self-sacrifice! A truly noble character!"

This was the style of reply invariably given.

"But the story has one flaw," he would gravely add.

"What is that, pray?"

"It is simply impracticable. How could a one-armed man contrive to cut off his only remaining arm?"—*Aftonbladet*.

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In a late story Mark Twain tells of a young colored girl who "experienced religion" in a revival. The next day, in dusting her master's desk, she happened upon a \$2 bill which had been left there by accident. "Lord-a-massy," she said as she covered it with a book so as not to be further tempted, "how I wish't that revival ud been put off till to-morrow."

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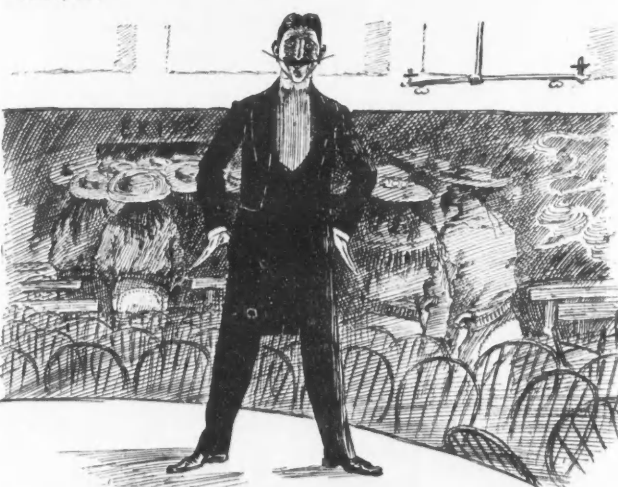
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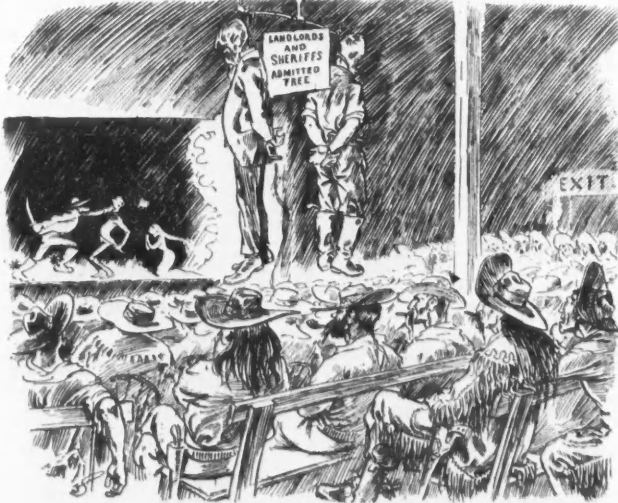


New Manager (Deadgull Theatre)—Gentlemen, the landlord of the Putup House is restraining to-night's theatrical troupe because of a slight board-bill, and so the great drama of Slade, the Cutthroat, cannot be given as advertised.

Chorus—Can't, eh?



Manager—Well, well! they took it cool; didn't even want their money back.



(But ten minutes later the performance took place.)

Our Weekly Original Story

The Nymph of the Plains.

T WAS Sunday afternoon. My cousin, according to the laws of the good book, had laid aside all work, donned their best suits and stiff shirts, taken two of my best novels and prepared to spend the afternoon perusing their pages under the big shade tree in front of the house.

That ends all thought of them. I can amuse myself or not be amused just as I pleased, I thought, as I observed their actions.

I cast my eyes about the place, but finding nothing to interest myself, I seized my hat and struck off, down the path, through the fields for a ramble, Roger, the shaggy collie dog belonging to my cousins, being my only companion. I sauntered along, my eyes resting lazily first on one object, then another, and my thoughts, drifting about in the same fashion, until at last I came to a full stop in the shade of a large tree that marked the farthest boundary of the corn-field.

Here I lay down to rest myself and soon fell asleep. I had not slept more than a few minutes, so it seemed to me, when I was rudely awakened by the sound of a horse coming toward me at a full gallop. I sprang hurriedly to my feet and looked in the direction of the sound.

A short way off I observed what appeared to be a thick cloud of dust, but on a nearer view I made out the form of a horse and rider coming towards me at an extraordinary pace for such a warm day. The evident haste of the rider aroused by curiosity to such a pitch that I moved forward to meet him. On closer inspection I was rather startled and my interest and speed increased wonderfully, for before me, seated on a fine bay horse, was a very excited, yet for all, very pretty young lady. Her face was rosy-red from the exertion, and on catching sight of me she seemed half inclined to turn around and be off.

However, something about me seemed to reassure her, so riding a little closer she called out in a sweet, clear voice, that grated strangely on my ears.

"Oh, sir, are you John or Thomas Wesley?"

"No, madam," I answered. "I am Peterkin Wesley, their cousin, but still totally at your service."

She straightened up in her saddle and gazed at me in a very critical manner. For fully a minute she sat thus, looking most temptingly pretty as one blushed, looking the other across her troubled face and lost itself in the folds of her silken hair. Really I was becoming very romantic despite the fact that I had sworn to leave females strictly alone.

At length she saw fit to break the spell by which she held me and smiling asked:

"Can you ride fast?"

"Well, I can try mighty hard," I answered, bound to be in anything that she might have on hand.

"Go back then to the Wesley's farm as quickly as possible and get a horse and gun; mind do not forget the gun and bring the Wesley boys too. I will wait you here."

I was rather taken aback at this simple commission, but being always somewhat over-ready to plunge into adventure, I hurried back to the house, Roger the collie, running along at my heels.

On reaching the house I found with a sort of secret satisfaction that the brothers were away and though I hallooed a couple of times yet there came no answering shout.

I ran into the shed, got Jack's repeating rifle and some cartridges, then mounting one of the horses was soon on my way back to my lady friend.

At first I could not see her for the tall waving corn, but on rounding the field I was greatly relieved to find her still there trotting her horse up and down, meanwhile casting impatient glances in the direction of the farm.

On seeing me coming back alone she frowned, which prompted me to explain the reason, my cousins' absence.

"Are you ready?" she called.

"Yes," I answered.

"Come on, then," and suddenly whirling her horse about, she was off like a shot, leaving me to follow as best I could.

I felt myself a fool on some fool's errand, and many times I had made up my mind to turn back, but just when I was about to apply my thoughts my leader would twist her pretty head and beckon me on. We must have ridden five miles or more without a word being spoken, when over the brow of a small hill, I beheld a cottage in the distance. It was situated near a little scrubby bush which encircled a marshy pond or river. On catching sight of the house my fair guide leapt from her steed, bidding me do the same, and proceeded very cautiously towards the open front door. I followed her example, and on arriving nearer I could hear the coarse voices of men raised in a brutal laugh as one of their number repeated a line of poetry.

A Retort Courteous—"Charles, you must do what I tell you. When I was a little child like you I was always good and obedient." "I'm glad to know that, mamma, and you may be sure that I'll say the same thing to my children when I have any."

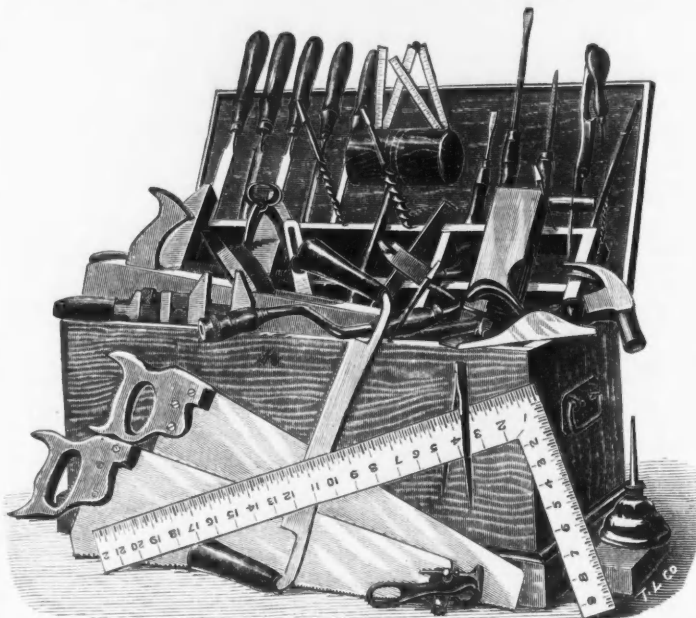
Applied Irony—George—Auntie what does irony mean? Auntie—It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. George—I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony, 'Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake'?

Object Lesson on the Chair—Teacher (having directed the attention of the class to the various parts of a chair)—Of what use is the seat of a chair? Bright little girl (who knows it all)—I know. Teacher—You may tell the class, Bright little girl—To keep people from flopping on the floor.

A Choice of Weapons—A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I could not find a switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Reasoning by Analogy—A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone, little Edith, who

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have fallen had not my lady guide sprang into the room at that moment and caught her in her arms. The faces of the three tramps turned ashen gray in color, and they frantically claved at the air above their heads.

"Get up and get out," I commanded, or the next bullet will tear more skin than clothes." The now thoroughly frightened wanderers hurriedly made their exit through a back door and mounting a very rickety wagon drawn by a pair of very bony nags, they set off as if the hangman himself was at their heels.

With a feeling that I had done something noble, I turned, and was surprised to find that the house had disappeared, and instead I was out on the prairie at the edge of the cornfield, with Jack Wesley calling to me to put down the gun as he was not a wild duck. Yes, reader, that was a very real dream, and it gave me something to think about for the remainder of my visit. I was told afterwards that as it was supper time and I had not returned, Jack had set out to hunt me up, and on his approaching me, I had sprung to my feet and fired the gun (which had come into my possession somehow while I was asleep), point blank at him.

R. H. MAINER.
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Sayings of the Children.

A Concrete Abstraction—Teacher—An abstract noun is the name of something you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example, Tommy? Tommy—A red-hot poker.

With a Reservation—Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills, artfully concealed in it)—Well, dear, have you finished your pear? Johnny—Yes, mamma, all but the seeds.

Juvenile Skepticism—Minister—And how do you get on at Sunday-school, Billie? Billie—Pretty well; I've just learned about the whale swallowing Jonah. Minister—That's good. Billie—Yes, sir; and next Sunday I'm going to believe it.

A Retort Courteous—"Charles, you must do what I tell you. When I was a little child like you I was always good and obedient." "I'm glad to know that, mamma, and you may be sure that I'll say the same thing to my children when I have any."

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Reasoning by Analogy—A caller had mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone, little Edith, who

had been quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mother by asking, "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"

A Colored Solomon—A teacher of a Virginia district school recently asked one of her little colored pupils to go to the blackboard and write a sentence thereon containing the word "delight." George Washington Jackson went pompously to the front of the room and wrote, in a large scrawling hand, "De wind blowed so hard that it put out de light."

Speculative Mathematics—"Well, Elizabeth, you are at the head of your class, to-day. How did you manage it?" "Why, the teacher asked Mary Small how many are five and seven and she said thirteen. He said that was too many; then he asked Josephine Little and she said eleven, and that wasn't enough. So I thought I'd try twelve, and I guessed it right."

Like the Prince of Wales—An English schoolmaster promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that the teacher could not answer. One and another tried, and at last one boy asked: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" The master puzzled his wife in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."

Tommy Argues the Case—"I don't see what's the use of me being vaccinated again," said Tommy, baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor. "The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are eleven years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first, and it has run out." "Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"

Time Dragged—Little Johnny, having been invited out to dinner with his mother, was commanded not to speak at the table except when he was asked a question, and promised to obey the command. At the table no attention was paid to Johnny for a long time. He grew very impatient and restless, and his mother could see that he was having a hard time to "hold in." By and by he could stand it no longer. "Mamma!" he called out, "when are they going to begin to ask me questions?"

Tommy's Storm Signals—Rev. D. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Shackelford dwelling and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Shackelford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteous indignation and moved by a strong sense of personal ill-treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor. "Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home an' finds supper ain't ready again, he'll raise the darnedest row ever you went anywhere."

Prayer with a Commentary—Little Mary has always been devoted to her aunt May, and prays for her each night long and fervently. One day, however, during a visit at her aunt's, the child did something wrong and had to be punished. When evening came, and she knelt at her aunt's knee to say her prayers, it was evident that the sore spot was there still. "Bless papa and mamma," began the childish voice, and then there was an ominous silence, after which the prayer was concluded with no reference to Aunt May.



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Aphorisms and Maxims, 1750

"For one poor person there are a hundred indigent."

"Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

"The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands."

"Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities."

"A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees."

"A child and a fool imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent."

"The second vice is lying; the first is running into debt."

"Creditors have better memories than debtors."

"Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter."

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Grimes—Your wife reminds me a great deal of my sister who lives in the West. Underdeek—She reminds me a great deal of her first husband.

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Our Philippa Abroad.

Letter V.

PARIS is far behind. My last morning there was spent in the artist's studio in the Latin Quarter. We climbed many flights of stairs till we came to a little tiled room decorated with a motley collection of tapestry, Japanese bowls, moose-skins, Indian feathers and all the odds and ends of curios which go to make up a fascinating *atelier*. The room beneath was occupied by the artist's washer-woman; a gentleman at a window opposite was practicing dexterity on the trombone; at my feet a chained and miserable falcon flopped angrily. All around hung sketches, half completed pictures, lightning studies, and a big easel filled up one end of the room.

I shut my eyes, and behold I was in the Paris of David Grievé and Elsie Delauney, of Trilby and Little Billie, of Dodd and Jim Pinkerton. All the Latin Quarter shadows that we know so well fled silently in and peopled the studio with their familiar shapes. It was exactly like becoming part and parcel of a great romance, hitherto a thing outside and impossibly distant.

We heard many tales and episodes of student life, the tragedy of the tapestry on the wall, the story of the moose skin on the floor. It was all very nice and "booky," and we were sorry to leave the gay little studio and climb downstairs again. "Things is twisted," as Bill Nye says.

I know I am in the south of France, because I am sitting in a veritable garden of the gods, with only a couple of giant palm trees to interrupt my view of the Mediterranean. There are mountains to the height of 4,000 feet to be climbed, but as for describing the scenery, *c'est impossible*! Besides, who cares to read about scenery unless it be by a master hand like Clark Russell's, when you are carried away by a great imagination and can fairly see the glistening sails, and hear the swash of the cats' paws about the prow! The other day I heard an Englishman give a description of Mentone which struck me as comprehensive.

"There are big hills—the biggest you ever saw, and the watah is as blue as blazes, and the aiah runs up your nose and makes you sneeze, it's so cleah, and there are wocks, and peasants and things." That does very well for me. I've seen the "wocks," and some of the peasants, but there yet remain the "things."

The "aliah" is delightful. It's vivifying and at the same time lazzifying, inasmuch that, for the last fifteen minutes, I have been watching a fractious mule endeavoring to dislodge his burden of baskets and barrels. I love those mules. They are pleasant-faced, firm-willed, light-footed philosophers. I don't know why it is, but they remind me of nice old maids, determined to bear their disappointments cheerfully.

And talking of old maids reminds me that during last winter a villa here was occupied by three of them. And each old lady brought an old companion and each companion an antiquated *femme de chambre*. And how did the establishment turn out, think you? Behold there was war—red, devastating war in that camp, and e'er many moons had passed the three *femmes de chambre* mysteriously disappeared, no one knew whither, and there the spectral companions were seen no more upon the boulevard, and to-day if you wander up to that rose, embowered villa perhaps you may find a beaded mitten—all correct old maids wear mittens—or perchance a raveled piece of knitting, but the old maids, too, have melted away.

I went to see the house and, thinking of the Kilkenny cats, had a furtive peep at the clothes-line, but there were no tails, switches or otherwise, to tell of their terrible end. And the moral of this story serves to upset a ridiculous German proverb which says, "Alle gute Dinge sind Drel," because if Alle gute Dinge had been Drel—Oh! you see for yourself, don't you?

Mentone is nearly empty as yet, but our hotel boasts of a good many visitors. Among them is a Polish Countess of artistic proclivities. She is, however, *charmant*; so gay, so *chic*! Such a foot! Such diamonds! I met her to-day with her little child. The powder from her hair and face had brushed off upon the baby's pale, pinched cheek, and the poor little loveless life looked so cheerless and miserable beside her butterfly existence. "I'd like to slap her," muttered the Schoolgirl. I believe I should have liked it, too.

There's a wise and wicked old gentleman here, too, who tests his luck at Monte Carlo every season. If he wins the first day he continues. If he loses, he desists till next year. Sensible old gentleman! Don't some of them wish they had as much system as you! But that's after.

In a recent edition of the *Standard* I came across an extremely interesting lecture by Mr. Hall Caine. The spirit of prophecy was strong in the novelist, and among other things, he asserted that the novel of the future would be "compounded of the penny newspaper, and the Sermon on the Mount, the plainest realism and the highest idealism." It is to be hoped that this millennium of fiction is close at hand. Meanwhile we are obliged to be content with the novel without a motive, which, Mr. Caine remarks, is only a puppet-show, with the novel in which love is regarded from the "idyllic, sugar-candy point of view," with the novel which is an egotistical process, with the novel without recompense. Upon this last the novelist soared to true eloquence. He said, "I count him the greatest genius who touches the magnetic and divine chord in humanity which is always waiting to vibrate to the sublime hope of recompense; I count him the greatest who teaches that the world is ruled in righteousness."

Over one sentence of this lecture I grinned wickedly. I happened to be thinking of The Manxman and The Deemster, and I read, "It is a frightening thought that the morality of a man's book is his own morality." Although I believe Mr. Caine's motives to be of the best, what a lot of us could stir up a whirlwind, and then shelter ourselves in that nice little literary port which he calls "moral responsibility."

Apropos of novels and novelists. George

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McDonald lives at Bordighera, only a few miles from here. The weight of this world's goods do not press very heavily on him, and the story goes that he keeps his substance in an old tea-pot and is frequently heard to ask his daughter, "How is the tea-pot, Mary?"

I don't Dodo quite as bad as Sweet Marie? I've talked her over from every conceivable point of argument. I'm tired of her, but she is what the darkies call "a ha'nt." Mrs. Asquith's snubbing of Mr. Benson is in itself Dodoesque. Shortly after the book had made such a world-wide furore, Mr. Benson expressed his regrets that the fair Margot should have imagined herself portrayed therein. She, then, to the much criticized, much discussed author, "Oh have you written a book?"

Beatrice Harraden used to come down here for the winter. A lady who had met her described her to me as a gloomy, morose woman, eccentric in dress, and very peculiar in religious views. I think we can forgive a good deal in Miss Harraden. Genius is its own defence.

What a curious thing superstition is—it's inconvenient, too! Last night we sat down

thirteen to *table d'hôte*. Well, we "sat an' we sot, an' we kep' on a-settin'," as Widow Hedott says, and no doubt we should have been sitting there now, if someone hadn't taken their courage "by the fetlock" and broken the spell by rising first. Of course that was me. Why else should this veracious narrative have been written?

I remember a young married pair on board ship being in great distress at the same occurrence, and finally changing their table at the risk of offending the captain.

Once upon a time a superstitious individual on his way to Monte Carlo, instructed his wife to throw an old shoe after him, by way of luck. This she did with such good will that she broke his nose and gave him a black eye into the bargain. But he won six hundred francs and put his good fortune down to that too emphatic shoe; which shows us how sweetly philosophy and superstition may walk in unity.

And talking of shoes reminds me of a little poem which, in company with an old boot, was hurled at the Wise Old Gentleman, by a disappointed beggar in Dublin.

"This is bad luck go wid yer,
Me owd shoe I toss,

An' yer niver come back
It will be no great loss!"

The Old Gentleman said it made him feel mean and worthless.

I witnessed a simple but touching manifesto to the influence of the late Czar upon a certain class of men in France. It was only a poor French artisan who was looking at a cartoon of the deathbed of the Emperor. "Hélas," he muttered, as he turned away with tears in his eyes, "Il est si magnifique."

France declares she has lost her "only friend," and nowhere, save in his own country, will the death of a great and good man be so deeply mourned.

Mentone, Dec. 1.

A Cure for Bored.

Of the Hungarian statesman, Francis Deak, it is related that he used to rid himself of troublesome visitors by telling them the following story:

"Once, when in Paris, Napoleon I. paid a visit to an hospital for old soldiers. Here he perceived among the rest a man who had lost one of his arms, and he entered into conversation with him.

"Where did you lose your arm?" asked the Emperor.

"At Waterloo, your Majesty."

"Then no doubt you curse the Emperor and your country every time you look at your mutilated limb?"

"No, indeed," protested the veteran, "for the Emperor and my native land I would readily sacrifice my other arm, if need be."

"I can hardly believe that," the Emperor quietly remarked, and passed on.

"But the soldier, anxious to prove that he was in earnest, immediately drew a sabre from its sheath and lopped off his other arm."

Here Deak would pause and fix a penetrating look on his visitor.

"Well, what have you to say of such a man and such an action?"

"A most sublime act of self-sacrifice! A truly noble character!"

This was the style of reply invariably given.

"But the story has one flaw," he would gravely add.

"What is that, pray?"

"It is simply impracticable. How could a one-armed man contrive to cut off his only remaining arm?"—*Aftonbladet*.

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In a late story Mark Twain tells of a young colored girl who "experienced religion" in a revival. The next day, in dusting her master's desk, she happened upon a \$2 bill which had been left there by accident. "Lord-a-massy," she said as she covered it with a book so as not to be further tempted, "how I wish that revival had been put off till to-morrow."

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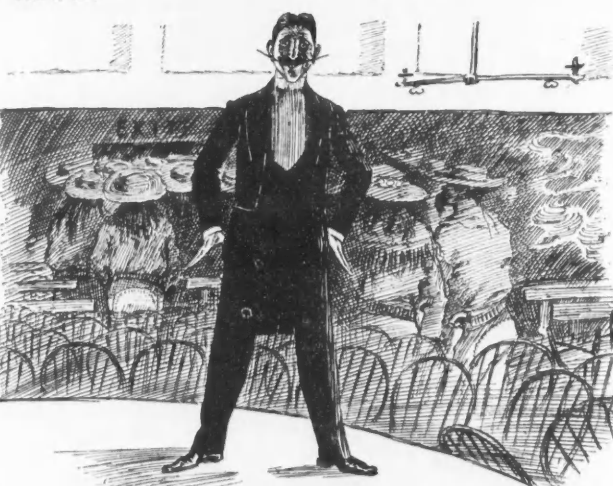
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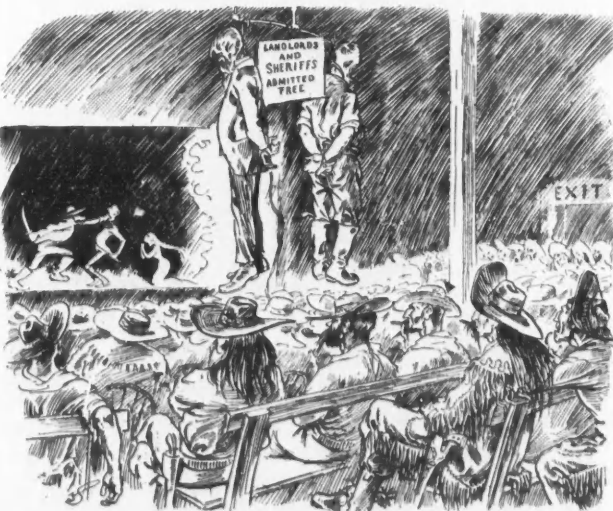
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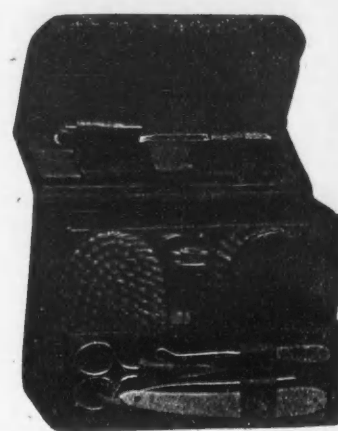
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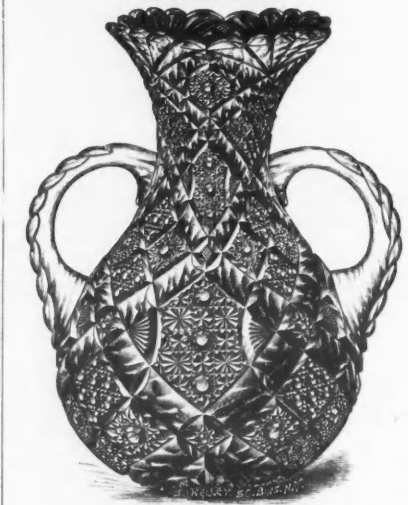
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TYLER—Dec. 5, Mrs. John Tyler—a daughter.

HARRIS—Dec. 9, Mrs. W. H. Harris—a son.

McWATERS—Dec. 8, Mrs. William McWaters—a son.

BURTON—Dec. 7, Mrs. George F. Burton—a daughter.

McLAREN—Dec. 6, Mrs. J. A. McLaren—a daughter.

McKAY—Dec. 7, Mrs. Alexander McKay—a son.

HOCH—Nov. 25, Mrs. Percy Hoch—a daughter.

SMITH—Dec. 1, Mrs. I. D. Smith—a son.

Deaths.

GUTHRIE—STIRTON—Dec. 4, Rev. Donald Guthrie, B.A., to Jennie Stirton.

BARBER—McGLASHEN—Nov. 21, W. B. C. Barber to Mary F. McGlashen.

FOULKE—McOLIVE—Dec. 5, Godfrey Lempiere Foulke to Isabel F. McOlive.

VEDDER—BOULTREE—Dec. 11, Harmon A. Vedder to Effie Turner Boultree.

STRAIN—WRIGHT—Dec. 11, Dr. Earle Strain to Miss Sarah Wright.

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